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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

View it how we will, we cannot understand the position of the man who cares for the Constitution and the Empire of England and yet casts a vote for Liberals to-day. There is a body of voters who frankly do not prize Constitution or Empire. Every State has its scum of decadent, self-seeking haters of what is solid and historic in a country. These will poll their whole strength this time. They have been too well whipped up by mob leaders in the Government. But how with this body can thoughtful and good citizens act? The House of Lords is gravely threatened, the Act of Union and with it of course the Empire, the Church, the national credit, and all forms of property. It absolutely must be so, for the Irish Nationalists, the Welsh Nationalists, the Disestablishers, and the Socialists are all united and out for spoil.

We know of course how the respectable wing of the Liberal party would argue it. It points to Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Haldane, and their following, and says: “These are not revolutionists or separationists or socialists: we are quite safe in going with them”. If this triumvirate was the real ruler of Liberalism the argument would have weight. But its rule is no better than that of some *roi fainéant*. The thing is too patent to argue. The power is almost completely with the extremists. They have won all along the line. They man the Liberal ship, and pilot it, and virtually they captain it. Mr. Asquith to-day is but an impressive figurehead.

Is not Mr. Asquith a “strong man”? the moderate Liberal enquires triumphantly. Certainly he is strong, if to go with currents one cannot stem is strength. He has given way to the “naked democracy” of Mr. Lloyd George, and to the Home Rule demands of Mr. Redmond—which he so distrusts that he will not even

mention them in his election address! And he has actually brought himself to praise the rant and violent language of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill, though we all know he detests it. Is this strength?

Mr. Asquith’s own election address, and those of Sir Edward Grey and one or two others in the Cabinet who move on the higher plane of thought, are perfect in form. We willingly concede it. There was a whole page in Thursday’s “Times” filled with election matter, largely Liberal, that might compare with the classic party discussions such as the great reform debates of 1867-68. But the Liberal party is not fighting on these lines in the least. Whilst Mr. Asquith is engaged in high constitutional argument, and intellectual theories of political economy, the real leaders of the party are preaching class war with its monstrous doctrine of the Poor against the Rich.

One of the cleverest and weightiest speeches in the peers’ campaign was Lord Portsmouth’s at St. Mary Bourne—we suppose that is the reason why it was dismissed in a few lines by the press. We never could understand why Mr. Asquith, at the dictation of a “Daily News” leader-writer, and of a member of the rank and file called Lea in the wine trade, drove Lord Portsmouth from office. We happen to know that there was absolutely no excuse for this act. As to farming and shooting, Lord Portsmouth is by no means an unreasonable landlord. There is plenty of brain in the Wallop family, and we hope Lord Portsmouth will use his in future for the party which represents stability and values our great institutions.

We are not quite sure whether Lord Savile should set in motion against Mr. Lloyd George the ancient scandalum magnatum by which a peer could claim heavy damages from those who defamed him; or whether Mr. Lloyd George should sue Lord Savile for libel. Another way—as the whole point of dispute is more or less martial—would be to fight it out under the Rufford oaks. We venture to propose Lord Kimberley—if he can spare a day from his electioneering work in Andover—as Mr. Lloyd George’s second in such a case.

The whole business, however, seems to be rather trifling. Lord Savile spoke of Mr. Lloyd George cheering

in the House of Commons the announcement of a British defeat. Strangely, Mr. George is as hurt by this as we should have supposed he would be if Lord Savile had accused him of cheering in the House of Commons an announcement of a Boer defeat. If a man thought the war a wicked, monstrous war, waged unjustly by a great country against a little country, could he grieve when the little country seemed to be getting the best of the struggle? It is an interesting question. But Mr. Lloyd George wishes, it would seem, to pass for pro-Boer and pro-British at the same time. That may be quite a logical position to-day, but surely during the war it was impossible. However, let it be granted Mr. Lloyd George did not cheer the announcement of British defeats. Lord Savile was wrong there. Did he cheer, we wonder, any announcement of a British victory?

It does not seem to have been noticed that the whole of the precious radical "social programme", as Mr. Churchill and Mr. Lloyd George outline it, is old as the hills. We are not sure it has not been mainly cribbed from Tom Paine's "Rights of Man". The chief difference, perhaps, is that Paine wrote of his programme—and also of the Peers—in at least a fresher, more entertaining way than these plagiarists of his can, and boldly went further. Paine was for employing the unemployed, for allotting money to the aged poor, etc. But he had a more ingenious and singular plan than either of these. He proposed to earmark a certain sum—twenty thousand if we remember aright—to be spent on giving decent funerals to those who died whilst travelling in search of work. Surely the Liberal leaders might well offer funeral expenses to all who travel about searching for work under the free-trade system?

"O no, we never mention it,
Its name is never heard.
Our lips have now forgot to speak
That once familiar word."

Still we should have thought "The Anti-Slavery Reporter and Aborigines' Friend" (whose January issue we have just received) might have discussed, however gingerly, the great cocoa case. As it is, the "Aborigines' Friend" allows itself in its paper on "Portuguese Slave Labour" no more than this: "An unfortunate interruption to the work of the deputation has occurred owing to Mr. Burt being obliged to return to this country in November in order to give evidence in the libel action of Cadbury v. the 'Standard'". And yet on the committee are such lovers of liberty as Mr. Byles M.P., Mr. John M. Robertson M.P., Mr. Joel Cadbury, and Mrs. Joel Cadbury; whilst the vice-presidents include the Bishop of Hereford, Mr. McKenna, Mr. George Cadbury, and others.

Clearly, then, "Chains and Slavery" is not to be a Radical cry at this election. It would be too dangerous, it would be coming too near home. Instead, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, rummaging in the dustbins, has found a loaf of pumpernickel; and his side has been busy trying to do business with this. Somebody on the Unionist side is supposed to have said—he probably said nothing of the kind, but this is no matter—"Let the people eat horseflesh and black bread". As a fact, pumpernickel is quite good food—far more digestible than cake which Marie Antoinette is said to have offered the people of Paris. Fancy, it is "supplied to the Royal Family" here, and the German Emperor has it on his breakfast table! We remember the Radicals making capital out of "a black man". Now they are trying to make it out of black bread.

As we expected, there was a try on the eve of the election to revive the pension lie. The "Star" came out with a poster "Are Pensions Safe? Startling Letter". This is quite the vilest move in English journalism of late years that one can recall. We are glad to admit that none of the leaders of the Liberal party have approved or encouraged this ugly electioneer-

ing dodge; Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill have been as clean in this matter as Mr. Asquith, Mr. Haldane and Sir Edward Grey.

Lord Rosebery's letter to Mr. Harold Cox is a cry from the depths. He finds no congenial spirit in the political world but Mr. Cox: "There is no one, except, of course, my own son, for whose return to Parliament I am so anxious as yourself". This is probably printers' grammar, but it is obvious what Lord Rosebery means. Mr. Asquith, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Chamberlain are bidding many go in and win; but Lord Rosebery can clap Mr. Cox alone on the back. We, too, hope that the only member of Lord Rosebery's independent party will not be left out in the cold. But is it Lord Rosebery's or Mr. Cox' party? Perhaps Mr. Cox will write as nice a letter of encouragement to Lord Rosebery; and, if so, we shall know that Mr. Cox aspires to be Lord Rosebery's leader. The party would then split up on the question of leadership or something else.

What has become of the Suffragettes since the elections began? Everybody must have noticed that they have practically disappeared and that votes for women is not one of the live issues. Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill can now hold their meetings without molestation. At a meeting of Mr. Asquith's the other night, where a very large number of women were present, no precautions had been taken, and yet there were no interruptions. The question of votes for women had clearly been pushed into factitious prominence by the Suffragettes, and as soon as real questions of the moment came to the front the unripeness of the movement became manifest; it is disregarded.

Women, however, have not disappeared if the Suffragettes are eclipsed. There were never so many taking part in politics as there are during these elections. They are acting more independently, too, and not as hangers-on of the men politicians; though it appears some of them are only seriously frivolous, and discuss election costumes rather than politics. The Suffragettes were really not serious about politics at all. Votes for women was a sexual subject with them. If women became interested in real political questions the whole situation would be changed. The elections are educating them. The young woman discovered in the Tube poring over a page headed "A Second Chamber" will have the vote some day.

The list of converts lengthens daily. Sir Robert Giffen is a name for tariff reformers to conjure with. More employers in the building, cotton, tobacco and soap trades have decided that the risks involved in the Budget combined with the inroads of foreign competition on home industry are too serious. They are helped to this conclusion by object lessons under their own eyes, very few of which come before the general public. Board of Trade figures are not a trustworthy guide to trade conditions. Manufacturers know that. How much of our export trade in manufactures is made up of foreign goods of English issue? The Hoxton foreign-made chair, which was discovered to be British, turns out to have been American in all except the putting together of parts and the French-polishing. If that chair were exported it would be classed as British. Herr Zelter comes to England to study English agriculture and visits a Lincoln factory. He finds the place run by Germans, the parts of the machines largely of German manufacture, and the complete machines put upon the market as British. The Hoxton chair and the Lincoln machines account for much in the story of British industrial depression, however good the returns may be.

No doubt there is nothing more than coincidence in the announcement of the Government's decision only a few days before the polling to grant £10,000 a year for

three years to the British Cotton Growing Association. But appearances are at any rate suggestive, and Lancashire may be duly impressed. If the grant has any bearing on the issues before the electors it will remind Lancashire of its precarious dependence on the foreigner. Incidentally it is a compliment to Mr. Chamberlain, who officially began the good work which Lord Crewe is ready to assist. If the Government are beaten, there need be no fear that their successors will honour, perhaps improve, the undertaking.

When Lord Crewe dignified to take part in the Budget debate in the Lords he wondered what would be said and thought in the colonies of the Old Country which allowed hereditary legislators to interfere with supplies. The Colonial Secretary by this time has probably learned that the colonies are not at all shocked. In Australia as in Canada many have asked the question what the Second Chamber drag is for if not for the very purpose to which the Lords applied it. So far as the colonial view can be ascertained, it is concerned not so much with the constitutional as with the economic question. It is fully realised that an opportunity has been given the electors of recording their verdict on Tariff Reform, and with it colonial preference. The colonies await the decision with lively interest. Will Great Britain refuse to reopen the door which Mr. Winston Churchill boasted that the Government had banged to.

Irrigation is associated in the minds of most men with countries like India and Egypt, the Pacific Coast of America, and Mesopotamia, that blessed word to which a scientific water system is about to lend a new meaning. It seems strange that irrigation should be applied in Canada, with its magnificent system of rivers and lakes. At the Colonial Institute on Tuesday night was given an account of a remarkable scheme by which the Canadian Pacific Railway has turned the arid western belt into a stretch of rich land supporting rapidly growing villages. Irrigation, which has saved old countries from ruin and loss of population, is now providing inducements to men to settle in new. The railway company has made arrangements which rob the early days of settlement of their chief terrors, and men from over the border have been quick to seize their opportunity. The scheme should be a good stroke of business for the railway, for Canada, and for the Empire.

Canada's contribution to the naval resources of the Empire as outlined by Sir Wilfrid Laurier on Wednesday does not satisfy Mr. Borden, the Opposition leader. The Government propose to create a fleet of four ships of the Bristol type, one of the Boadicea type, and six destroyers. If the ships are built in England the cost will be less than two and a half millions sterling; if built in Canada—and that is the Government's desire—they will cost half a million more, and no one can say when they will be in existence. Mr. Borden contrasted what the less wealthy and populous dominions are doing with the Canadian scheme, and demanded that at least Canada should provide one Dreadnought. Sir Wilfrid Laurier aims at giving effect to the idea of the French-Canadian press that in war time the Dominion should control its own tiny fleet; but Mr. Borden has no illusions on that point. If Canada wants to secure the maximum advantage from her contribution to the Imperial Navy she must abandon local views.

The Secretary to the United States Treasury, which has been inquiring into the demoralisation of the Customs service, traces it to the political organisations, "big and little", who get their men into the service and then levy blackmail. It is only another instance of the operations of Tammany in New York, and similar organisations are notorious in San Francisco or Chicago and in other towns. In tracing the sugar frauds the Treasury came upon a "gigantic conspiracy" of smuggling, headed by a former Customs

official. At least two hundred large trunks full of dresses and clothing and other things from France, Belgium, and Holland have been passed in by the Customs officials without paying duty. The humbler officials have been caught, and the dressmakers by whom the goods were received are being indicted; but no proceedings have yet been taken against the bigger men. They are only "promised" so far; and promises of this kind often mean nothing in the States, where promises of another kind by the criminals are much more effectual.

On Tuesday the King of Prussia opened the new session of his Diet, and announced the introduction of a Franchise Bill. The statistic examination of the present system has proved its inadequacy; but it is not to be supposed that Prussia will be presented with a modern franchise as we understand the term. The three-class system will remain, though some of its worst anomalies may be redressed. But what the Constitutionalists most eagerly desire, and what there is some slight chance of their obtaining, is the introduction of secret voting. However reactionary the franchise may be, at least let the electorate go to the polls. At present they are afraid to do so. The argument is strong, but the agrarians will not abandon their power without a struggle.

In Hungary the situation has changed for the worse. The semi-parliamentary De Lukacs Cabinet died as soon as it was born, and Count Khuen Hedervary is to form what will probably prove to be a fighting Ministry. The Count is an adroit political manager, as his Croatian work proves, and has the advantage of having abstained from the controversies of recent times. It is therefore well worth his while to attempt negotiations with the party leaders in the hope of getting a vote on account. But if his efforts fail, as they probably will, it is understood that the Crown will grant him a dissolution and that he will make a bold attempt to settle the franchise question in the new Chamber.

M. Louis Passy gave a most wise lecture to the French deputies on Tuesday. M. Passy keeps a clear mind in spite of his years. He does not blindly worship the State with a capital letter, or devoutly believe that Nationalisation of the Instruments of Production is either practicable or desirable. He also knows that the State, in the mouths of those who so loudly believe in her, is apt to mean just that particular body which cherishes these superstitions with regard to her; and in this matter he took leave to remind the deputies that they were the servants of the people, and not its masters. We wish that we could have got M. Passy over here to deliver a course of lectures to the late majority in the House of Commons. It would have done them good.

The position of a French policeman is not enviable. He has a sword, but he may not use it till he judges himself to be on the point of being killed. When he is clear in his mind that somebody is killing him, he may draw his weapon. His position is all the more unfortunate as the French Government have a way of sending offenders against the common law of France into the army by way of improving their characters. The idea is laudable in its intention; but in its results it seems to put the quiet citizen in peril of his life without having the desired effect upon the ruffian who is in the course of being improved. Our own policeman is a happy man. He has only a truncheon, but he may use it; and we seem to have some difficulty in breeding the Apache.

When the judges sat again on Tuesday after the Christmas holidays, they had learned from the published evidence of the Commission that Lord Loreburn still thinks they do not work hard enough. They should work on Saturdays, he says. This is discouraging; but Mr. Justice Grantham is exasperating.

He excuses his brother judges. They are not so vigorous as he is, and he knows that some of them have difficulty in getting through their work. He himself is about equal to two of them. This is the cruellest thing that has been said of the judges since they began to be criticised. The Lord Chief Justice is vigorous enough, but he will not work on Saturdays if he can help it. Instead he will sit at ten o'clock other days; and the Bar is horrified. It does not want to get up so early. Nor does it want Saturday sittings. So matters are considerably mixed at the Law Courts. They are all, litigants included, praying for the *diu ex machina* of new judges, and the Olympian Chancellor refuses to send them.

Lord Cromer's speech as chairman of the general meeting of the Classical Association had, as might be expected, nothing to do with the pronunciation of Latin and Greek. He said not a word of either language and left severely alone all the old disputes about them. The subject he chose was "Ancient and Modern Imperialism", and quite a number of people have ideas about it who would not be qualified to become members of the Classical Association. They would have to ask what precisely is that very remarkable Ode of Pindar which Lord Cromer suggested should be circulated as a leaflet to election agents. However, Lord Cromer made his only classical reference intelligible and topical by mentioning that Pindar advised everybody to forge their speech on the anvil of truth.

Lord Cromer did not find anything else quite so apposite to present conditions as this from the ancient world, but he noticed several interesting analogies or contrasts. The comparison of the Roman and the English character and the growth of their empires is not so fresh as the contrast in their aims. It sounds rather cynical that whatever impoverishment has taken place in India is much more due to good than to bad government. The Romans made no pretence of governing for the benefit of the governed. And yet they assimilated their conquered peoples as we have never been able to do. The Greeks succeeded better than the Romans, the Romans than the English. The success was inversely to the moral character.

Our ethical standards do bring in difficulties of government which did not embarrass the ancient imperials. We handicap ourselves with the notion that our government is only a prelude to the day when our subject peoples will have learned to govern themselves and we can retire. Thus even Lord Cromer, who does not sentimentalise, says as regards Egypt that he should be glad to shake off the imperial burden, but that he does not see much prospect of being able to do so. In India he accepts "within reasonable limits" the duty of developing self-governing principles, although the consequence may be serious and increase the difficulty of governing the country. He draws the line at withdrawal; but he is an instance of how even an imperialist may be left hesitating between the two ideals of imperial supremacy and the extension of self-government. The disquisition shows how much more complex imperialism is under modern than under ancient conditions; an abstract discussion not unsuitable for the Classical Association.

An air of solution of a mystery surrounds the publication by the "Figaro" of Alfred de Musset's love letters written to Mlle. d'Alton at the time when she was his mistress and before she became the wife of his brother. Naturally when she, as Madame Paul de Musset, left her letters to be handed over to the French National Library it was not disclosed to whom they had been written. They were marked "Lettres à l'Inconnue", and directed to be unopened for thirty years. During the interval, however, it became quite well known to whom they were really written. They may be of some psychological interest, but of as little literary value as the love letters of great writers usually are.

"FOR WHAT DO MEN CONTENT?"

ON the morning of the first polling day one can find at any rate one point in which all parties will meet—joy that the last stage has been reached. A fortnight more—at most three weeks—and the agony will be over. Even candidates who do not get in will be thankful to be free of electioneering. No one who has had any practical dealings with a political "campaign" will belittle a candidate's toil. For four or five weeks he has to be a slave—the slave of interminable iteration of opinions that at the end of the first week have to him become platitudes. His days are spent in irritating correspondence and calls, his nights in overcrowded rooms, noise and the eternal speech. The meetings are something of a relief; there is some exhilaration in the enthusiasm of friends and the virulence of foes. Questions, too, give scope for real intelligence. It wants much knowledge of human nature to know when the questioner is a gadfly to be crushed by repartee or an honest inquirer to be informed, not to speak of the difficulty of doing it when you have decided what to do. A candidate's business in a "democratic" constituency is hard labour; there is no doubt about that. The wonder is there are still found good men to do it. But they do; and it is perhaps the healthiest sign about the country that they do. It is not true that the calibre of men who stand for Parliament is going down. Naturally on the Radical side the social position of candidates tends to get lower, but according to their position the quality of the men who come forward is good. The Conservative candidates at this election are a very good lot indeed—they have never been better. One need not despair of the country when so many good men are willing to take up the burden parliamentary life means in these days. The life has its attractions, of course; to many it has great attractions; it is easy to say that these men do what they do because they like it. But the point is that they do like it. Many of them could lead a life of absolute ease if they would; and to many of them public life means giving up many of the things they most like. Realise what it means to the country gentleman or to the cultivated man of fastidious taste to make from four to six speeches a day for a fortnight—rather, to repeat the same speech four or six times a day—and you will not deny that there must be duty as well as pleasure in the candidate's motive. This time it is not strange that the best men on the Conservative side have been forward to fight. This election means more to Conservatives than any of us can remember. Mr. Balfour has said this many times, and he is not exaggerating. It was possible last time—in 1906—to grumble at Conservative government and to think that perhaps a change was wanted, and that Liberal government might not be so bad after all. We had four years of it, and no one—none at any rate but a whole-hog Radical—is likely to think that any more. For four years a Radical Government has ridden roughshod over us Conservatives, attacking the things we care most about and threatening to attack all which Radicals have not yet had time to lay hands on. Insolent, arrogant and intolerant in the House of Commons, in the country demagogues and wild-cat adventurers, this Government has made itself acutely offensive to the best elements in the English nation. This description, we are aware, does not fit Mr. Asquith, but closely as a glove it fits Mr. Churchill and Mr. Lloyd George, and they are the Government. They have chosen to put their case in the most provocative possible way to Conservatives; they have gone out of their way to challenge every Conservative instinct. Partly they did this, of course, because they were thereby challenging the sane elements in their own party, still more the sane members of their Cabinet, as well. Had Mr. Churchill and Mr. Lloyd George been content to be ordinarily provocative they would have offended only the Conservatives. Now they have succeeded in disturbing though not alienating patriotic Liberals too. But these unfortunate patriots, shrinking from the wrench of breaking with their party, have to swallow their indignation, turn behind, and fight in the rear of Mr. Churchill and

Mr. Lloyd George in the van. So Conservatives have to sustain alone the wide extended attack of a most unholy alliance. The shrieks of Mr. Lloyd George in front of his Nationalist, Socialist, Labour and Liberal host call up the picture of the wild creatures, grotesque figures rushing shock-headed, shaking spear and banner, and yelling in front of the dervish swarm on the disciplined and well-armed English troops.

Happily the Unionist defence is counter-attack—a counter-attack so vigorous that the Prime Minister, who is still at any rate somebody on his own side and important enough to refer to, habitually speaks as though he were defender. He says indeed that he and the Tories have changed parts, and that he is now the conservative and we the revolutionaries. Plainly he feels the force of the attack. We are attacking on two sides. On one we are determined to establish the power of a Second Chamber to resist the domination of the Executive in the name of the House of Commons. By closure, guillotine and other means the Government has throttled the House of Commons, which as a Chamber independent of parties has no longer any force: existence even it has only in name. By threat of dissolution the Government is despotic over its own supporters. There is now no let to its power but the Second Chamber. That Chamber will be paralysed if it is never to touch a Finance Bill. Any Government can put all its plans into a Finance Bill. If the Second Chamber be deprived of the power of rejecting any Bill the House of Commons—that is, the Government—have passed twice in one Parliament, it is even more obviously made impotent. That we are not going to allow. We are going to establish the right of the Second Chamber to deal with Finance Bills. Finance will always remain primarily the work of the Lower House; but there must be no doubt in future that the other House has power in reserve to refer to the country any Finance Bill which it deems injurious and doubts the country approving. Thus on this head the issue is: A real Second Chamber, the Unionist plan, or an impotent Second Chamber, Mr. Asquith's plan?

The Unionist attack on the other side is more extended, and, unless completely repulsed, will give the attacking force a position from which the defenders will not be able to dislodge them, at any rate for this generation. Tariff Reform goes to the root of many matters. It is the greatest social reform of the day for this country; it is the greatest reform in practical politics for the British Empire. One thing is quite certain. The present Government has stopped itself from doing anything in the way of social reform in the next Parliament. Any one turn in its triple bill—Home Rule, Welsh Disestablishment, "Down with the Lords"—will occupy its whole time. If there is to be any social reform at all, it must be done by the Conservative party. The paramount social evil in this country, compared with which all others are as nothing, is unemployment. With that neither the Budget nor any other part of the Government policy even attempts to cope. Mr. Lloyd George himself can point only to his afforestation schemes, his grant to agricultural science, and his motor roads. We have no objection to all these, but they are merely temporary. All in full blast together they would not give work to the unemployed in London alone—whose numbers Mr. Asquith is so "gratified" to find reduced to thirty-three thousand—and most of the men out of work would be useless for the purpose of these amiable experiments. Tariff Reform, by substituting British- for foreign-made goods in the home market and getting entry for more British-made goods in the colonial and foreign markets, will add to the total amount of work to be done by British workmen in answer to the natural market demand. Men may doubt Tariff Reform succeeding: no one can be certain about an experiment that has not been tried. But there is this root-difference between the Government plan and the Conservative plan. The Government plan, even if it succeed, will not mitigate the chronic unemployment, for it does not profess to; the Unionist plan at any rate does purport to do this, and, if it is successful, will. Not only in making room for more work is Tariff Reform a social reform; it is as much so in keeping out

sweated goods. One of the present Government's social reforms, the Trade Boards Bill, is useless without Tariff Reform, even by Free Trade admission. What is the use of making sweating impossible in England if you stimulate it abroad? Under Free Trade how are you to prevent the flooding of the English market with foreign sweated goods? A tariff can prevent it, and nothing else can.

Tariff Reform also purports to help forward the unity of the Empire. Everyone agrees, who knows and cares about British national fortunes at all, that the present relations between this country and the other British peoples under the Crown are dangerously vague, almost impossible to last as they are. Imperial trade preference, by means of a discriminating tariff, at the least enables a beginning of closer relations and unified interest. Under a system of Imperial Preference one part of the so-called Empire would not be treating the other parts, so far as commerce goes, as foreign countries. The colonies give us a preference; they want to give us more; they only ask a reasonable preference in return. This the present Government refuses. Face to face with the representatives of the self-governing colonies in 1907 Mr. Asquith declined to meet them even a little way. He was willing to take what preference they chose to give to us, though hardly to thank them for it; but he was not willing to give them anything in return. On the one side is the Liberal party, on the other side all the rest of the British Empire. Imperial Preference would at the least be the beginning of a scheme of imperial unity.

These thoughts are sinking into the mind of the British people. Tariff Reform was a great departure, and, while it was a new thing, people were naturally a little afraid of it. But they are getting accustomed to it now; and the more they see of it the more they like it. Not a single man or woman who has been doing any electioneering work during the last few weeks will deny this. The paramount attraction of Tariff Reform for election audiences, its rapid spread, is the dominant note in the campaign which—thank Heaven!—is now closing. Whether it has spread enough to enable a Unionist Government to put it into force no one, of course, yet knows. But, whatever happens now, Tariff Reform can never be killed. The next Unionist Government will be a Tariff Reform Government. Tariff Reform and the state of the Navy are stirring the people more than anything else. For Nationalist Ireland, of course, the naval question has no interest, unless to excite the people to support those who would neglect the Navy. By help of Nationalist Ireland, and that help alone, can the present Government come back with a working majority. In any event we Conservatives shall be in far better case than we have been for four most uncomfortable years. At last the chance of breaking the power of the Churchill-Lloyd George rule has come.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING ENGLISH.

THERE is one thing in the election, the gravest perhaps of all, that is in danger of being forgotten in the scramble over the minor and petty interests. No one can reflect upon the situation seriously and give full weight to the great historic facts which disclose the inheritance of the United Kingdom without concluding that the time has come when the English should assert themselves. The average Englishman will on first thought think it strange and even ridiculous that any such necessity should arise; but the activity of the very few demagogues, controlled only by their personal ambition and having no sense of proportion, who talk wildly of the nationality of this and that portion of the realm as if these smaller interests were the base of the entire fabric, compels the assertion of those other interests and the rights of those other portions of the United Kingdom where we know are to be found the actual basis of the strength and vitality, the wealth and international power of the Empire throughout the world. The platform cries of Ireland for the Irish and of removing the yoke of oppression from the neck of

ungallant little Wales, together with the assertion of vague Scottish aspirations for the conservation of the national idiosyncrasies, have hitherto been received by those living south of the Tweed and east of Glamorganshire as so much leather or prunella—harmless prattle of the inexperienced, and all very much in the background. The upheaval of 1886, when Home Rule first became a serious cry and began the disruption of the Liberal party, checked this trifling with the life of the nation, and those same residents south of the Tweed and east of Glamorganshire, during the intervening generation, have been content to continue working out the White Man's burden, strengthening the outlying provinces of the Empire, building up the great rampart of the east and southern coasts, continuing to give peace, comfort and protection to the descendants of those ancient Britons who fled before the advancing tide of civilisation which began in the Isle of Thanet. It is this the wretched demagogues of the hour have forgotten, if they ever recognised it; and it is by this remembrance that the English must be guided throughout their political future.

The purely English feeling has been slow of growth. It cannot even now be said to have developed. It exists; but hitherto grave necessity not having provoked it to action, the disposition generally to assert the position has been arrested by another feeling. The sentiment of hospitality which has ruled the policy of the English nation towards all comers, even to the decadent foreigner, the conspirator, and the criminal, recoils at the assertion of a sentiment that savours of the ungracious. Yet what could the Irish immigrants in the City of London say if, as retort to the cry of Ireland for the Irish, the cry were raised England for the English? Suppose the boycott and the ostracism by the Irish towards everything English and everything sympathetic with the English—except the English money—were accorded to the Irish in London, in Birmingham, in Manchester, in Liverpool. What would that incomprehensible entity, the Irish member of Parliament, say if we refused to give him and his companions houses to live in, hounded them from our hotels, refused them admission to our clubs, ejected them from our employments, took away from them the fat salaries they enjoy in our Civil Service, and generally held ourselves towards them as they treat all who do not bow to their tyrannical behests? The situation has ceased to be a matter of indifference to the purely English, not on personal grounds but upon the higher consideration of the stability of the State, the maintenance of the Empire. It is time an end were put to the miserable provincial feeling, engendered by jealousy and fostered by personal ambition as distinguished from national impulse. The English must rouse to their duty to end the intolerable despotism of these members of Parliament who denounce the House of Lords merely because they know it stands solid between them and the further repression of their own people. And, above all, the English of our great commercial centres must join in preventing those corrupt bargains by Ministers of the Crown who, in exchange for the emoluments of office, are ready to hand over loyal communities such as Ulster to the rapacity and tyranny of the disloyalists. The English must awaken from the lethargy resulting from a preference towards courtesy and tolerance. The more active and more dangerous demagogues are following historical precedent in mistaking the inaction of the dominant partner for incapacity to restrain, if not for positive encouragement; and none of them has taken warning by the fact that the really influential constituencies have never so far countenanced a policy of dismemberment and betrayal.

The country suffers from a sort of excessive freedom—its unalloyed liberty of thought and speech, the complete independence of the individual citizen, and the unqualified democracy exhibited in its every institution. These are at once its boast, its triumph, and its danger. These results of constitutional development are edged tools in the hands of the ignorant. Unfortunately the country has been during recent times very much in the hands of the ignorant and presumptuous; and the worst and most demagogic members of the Government are

sent to us by the less capable of the constituencies. They do not come to us from the great centres of industry and commerce—the foundations of our Empire in every part of the globe. Manchester rejects them. Birmingham has been promulgating a new doctrine of progress for seven years past which these Ministers of the Crown cannot even yet understand; the City of London, the centre of the banking interests of the world, repudiates them; and they have recourse to remote constituencies incapable of construing the great problems of government and international relations. In nothing is Pope's apothegm "A little learning is a dangerous thing" so apposite as in political thought. Instruction we have given the people in plenty, but education—the assimilation of knowledge and the power of construing facts logically—is still to seek. The Keltic fringe of the north and west of these islands is still conspicuous for its crass inability to appreciate the principles of constitutional government and what makes for true liberty. It resented the setting-up of the kingdom of Wessex as it resents the dignity and power of the United Kingdom of to-day. In the time of Egbert it was a matter of raiding and cattle-stealing. To-day it is a case of imperial guarantees in the interest of rebellious tenants as a reward for cattle-driving and the boycott. It behoves the strong backbone of the English nation to assert itself in the metropolis, the home counties, and the great manufacturing centres, and to put a stop to this development of ignorance and presumption. Minor differences should be sunk in the presence of the greater danger of dismemberment and commercial decadence. We believe they are being sunk. In a spirit of desperation the Prime Minister, by announcing at the last moment his desire to grant Home Rule, reminded the country of what it owed to the more sober and better-informed voters of a quarter of a century ago in driving Mr. Gladstone from office for that same betrayal of England. The events that have intervened have only strengthened the popular estimate of that great service to England. Nothing but the necessities of a discredited coterie of politicians has led to its revival; but there are signs that the spirit evoked among the more enlightened people at that time continues, and that the best English constituencies remain strengthened in their conviction and resolute to repeat the lesson of 1886. The issue to-day depends upon the assertion of the essentially English spirit, which is prepared to remain dormant as long as its great ideals are being developed, but must revert to its primitive antagonism to the barbaric sentiment of the clan and the tribe when there is danger to the Empire.

THE PEERS' CAMPAIGN.

IF the Radicals in their hearts despised the peers' campaign, why did they try to break up so many of the meetings? On the theory that a lord is ex officio a nincompoop, the obvious policy would have been to give him a good show, that he might the better make an exhibition of himself. To an unpractised and unresourceful speaker nothing is so disconcerting as a respectful silence. He is thrown back helpless on his memory or his notes. Floundering, plunging, hesitating, he feels miserable and looks foolish. But a little opposition, if he has any nerve at all, makes a man of him again. In an uproar or a free fight a M.F.H. on the platform is as good as any carpet-bag Demosthenes. If it be a question of bandying chaff or delivering impromptu back-answers, the cheery sportsman who has gone through a public school, a regiment, or a university may be trusted to give a fairly good account of any simpering heckler who has graduated in the pamphlets of the I.L.P. It was very soon discovered by the augustly anonymous gentleman who directs the Liberal skirmishing fund that bullying the peers was a game that did not pay. With pathetic fidelity the trusted organs of the party kept up the fiction, day by day, that the Lords were silenced or put to confusion whenever they made a public appearance. In point of fact, they held their own against the hooligans—and a bit more. It does not follow that the

performances were altogether decorous. Indeed, we do not wish them to become a regular feature of General Elections. Still, if rough work is being done, it is satisfactory that people who do not often see a nobleman at close quarters should learn that he is not invariably either mentally unfit or physically degenerate. In the country, where the local peer is known as a rule both by reputation and by sight, no such grotesque idea is current. But in large towns the caricatures of hereditary legislators, some of them legitimate enough as political weapons, are taken as faithful images of the prevailing type.

Apart from vulgar misconceptions, there are many intelligent readers of the daily newspapers who were genuinely surprised that the peers who took part in the campaign closed last Monday cut so good a figure as electioneering orators. It is not generally realised that the best training for public affairs is the management of a considerable private income, especially in the case of a landed estate where the balancing of outgoings and incomings is in itself a sort of Budget education. It is in no contumelious spirit that we suggest that Mr. Lloyd George would have been more successful as Chancellor of the Exchequer if the firm to which he belongs were engaged in business on the scale of a great London or provincial office. A good many mistakes into which that enterprising but uninstructed politician was betrayed would have been avoided by a solicitor such as Lord Wolverhampton used to be. Besides the lessons which the average peer has to learn from his agent, his lawyer, and his banker, he is almost compelled to take a more or less active part in local affairs, and it is, therefore, no special merit in him that he approaches national problems at an advantage not enjoyed by the ordinary mass of the politicians composing the majority in the late House of Commons. Again, though new blood is constantly being brought into the House of Lords, especially during Liberal Administrations, and old titles simultaneously disappear, the noble families do form a sort of Order. It is not exclusive or self-conscious—perhaps it might advantageously be a little more of both—but the members do maintain a kind of camaraderie, and one of their chief interests is politics. Within that circle there is, we will not say more first-hand information, but more of that fairly authentic gossip which is essential to a real grip of public affairs, than can be found except just amongst an inner group of leading statesmen. Questions which puzzle the average meritorious M.P. and lead the dashing young journalist into comical blunders are understood as a matter of course by quiet country magnates who seldom trouble to put themselves forward or enlighten the public about what has been going on behind the scenes.

Men like this, though as a rule they approximate, sooner or later, to the Conservative point of view, are independent of the party organisations. They may subscribe to the local Association (and generally do), but they would never dream of taking orders from it. Nor would they consent to receive instructions from the Central Office, the Primrose League, or the National Union itself. It is the wildest of Radical misrepresentations to describe the House of Lords as an annexe to the Carlton Club. Beyond giving a name to the electioneering fund raised by the Whips that venerable and useful institution has no function in party politics, and if it sought to issue mandates or impose tests the list of peer members would soon begin to dwindle. It was, perhaps, the least desirable feature of the peers' campaign that it was conducted more or less under the auspices of the Conservative headquarters. The effort, no doubt, was the more effective through being organised, and waste of strength, due to oratorical overlapping, was, on the whole, successfully avoided. But it would be an exaggeration to say that the affair was got up and directed by Mr. Percival Hughes and his associates. The list of speakers included indeed a number of men who have never worked with or for the Unionist associations. As a body, it seems to us the peers quitted themselves like men, and their speaking was far above the humble level of the average House of Commons candidate.

If the agitation against the House of Lords had not expired of inanition—nobody seems curious enough to inquire what Mr. Asquith proposes to do—it would have been killed by the peers' demonstration of good humour, capacity, and fighting spirit. There are plenty of electors who had looked down their constitutional noses at the suggestion of the Upper House touching the Budget, even in the way of kindness, but who altered their judgment when they saw face to face the men who had undertaken the responsibility. They realised that the thing had not been done in a fit of temper or pique, and that the men who did it were ready to stand by the consequences. Deep has been the Radical wirepullers' disappointment. They had reckoned on the peers making fools of themselves before the country. Instead of this, they found the free and independent electors in every part of the country being debauched by these minions of an effete aristocracy. While the campaign lasted it is certain that no Unionist meeting was thought quite complete unless it was to be addressed by a peer. When that attraction had been secured it was discovered that staunch Radicals were eager for admission, and, if they went with the purpose of jeering, it was doubtful whether some of them did not come away with their convictions sadly shaken. Had the Radical organisers known how widespread would be the desire to hear the Lords speak they would not have further advertised the dangerous entertainment by sending in their break-up gangs. We are not now thinking of fair heckling or even of occasional rowdism. When feeling runs high, it is but natural that there should be a little rough play. It would not be quite a healthy sign if the General Election were conducted as tamely as the polling for a county councillor. But in many places the young men who made a commotion at the peers' meetings had obviously been drilled both in their patter and in the physical means of getting up a disturbance. As a compliment to the peers' powers of persuasion it was not, perhaps, overdone, for it is pretty generally agreed that the time spent between the Christmas holidays and the issue of the writs has been used to the signal advantage of the Unionist party and to the credit of the peers.

LAND POLICIES, LIBERAL AND UNIONIST.

THERE is always a land problem everywhere, changing its shape with character, time and place, but for ever unchangeable in its reality—How can man make the most of the land? All agree on this, if on nothing else. As to solution, there are varying compromises, but the real conflict is between ownership and State tenantry; and the issue is now before this country in a form demanding legislation. Mr. Balfour has once again insisted on the right policy being that of ownership. The future of England depends much on the choice between the two, not merely in the ethics of property but even in the structure of society. The thing cannot stop at "small holdings"—and both parties are definitely pledged "back to the land"—but by methods so profoundly opposed as to involve the destiny of the nation. In barbarism we find it always collective ownership, but only in barbarism, and because of barbarism, the head man of the tribe personifying the proprietary—and thereby always magnifying his own status at the expense of everybody else. What belongs to everybody belongs to nobody, and what belongs to nobody is unlikely to be useful. Even where we have handed over vast territories to civilised communities of our own race, free to act on necessity and experience, they have invariably found private property or ownership in land essential to their social progress, because the better kind of men and women could not be attracted and satisfied on any other terms. It is not merely and not primarily "the magic of property", and Arthur Young might have better phrased it "the magic of freedom". It is the ennobling impulse of the man to work out his destiny on a footing of his own, to measure his powers against his necessities on his own judgment and responsibility, and the favourable reaction on character does as much for the man as the man does for the land. There is

education in triumph, but it cannot be without the freedom to try. Hardly anything else in human experience is so certain as these facts, and yet a British Government in the year 1910 is pledged to restore the primal order from which mankind and civilisation have been struggling to escape through all these long and laborious centuries. It would have State ownership, with a mysterious Committee at Downing Street to personate the headman of the tribe. "Democracy" makes it impossible to individualise him, and so he is to consist collectively of Lloyd-George-Evans-Jones-Morgan-Murphy-O'Doodle and as many other counterfeits of human verity gathered from the hill-fringe as may make a good imitation of a doubtful statesman. If anything be well, every fraction claims the credit; if there be nothing but ill, they are as sure to evade responsibility, and the cry of the agrarian orphan goes up to the deserted throne of Demos. The real headman of the tribe, the original type, savage as he was, could at least be held responsible, because he was human, individual, authentic; and, should he not know how to govern, he had the great merit that he could be murdered, unlike a hyphenated abstraction or the mocking figure of a Keltic monkey on a Saxon stick. Liberals call it "back to the land"; under their plan it is back to barbarism, and not one of them even stops to inquire what possible safeguards civilisation has against the re-enactment of the barbaric. It is a fact that civilisation cannot advance without private property in land. Then, can private property in land be abolished without civilisation receding? It is at best a wild speculation, and so impossible as a practical policy for a nation.

The alternative is to move with the determining forces and extend the personnel of property in land, distributing its effects more widely. If the impetus to power, character and progress be as above, inferring from the ascertained experience of history, it ought to be distributed among the largest convenient number fit to use the land for its best. Then, and not till then, can man make the most of it, in its yield to his support and in the effect on his character. If thirty acres can do so much for the condition and character of one family, there is no good reason why thirty thousand acres should be needed to do it for another family—or perhaps to fail in doing it. Religion and land are the only foundations on which family continuity has ever been long preserved, and we see no reason why the man ploughing over the thirty acres should not have his entail and pedigree as well as the man shooting over the thirty thousand. To do him justice, the big man is the first to welcome the small one, and he is ready to encourage the transfer as fast as it can be fairly done. The effect is not confined to the family. Property does beget efficiency, especially when it involves thoughtful work; and efficiency means power, not merely in the individual and his wealth but also in character and in the nation. The higher the efficiency of the working owner the greater his gain in employing labour, and even the labourer must come to share in the higher intelligence developed, enabling him to find his entertainment at home instead of rushing to the towns. On the other hand, the method must take the British instinct into account, and the British instinct abhors over-regulated uniformity; very wisely so, and a system aiming to accommodate the lives of men had better be elastic enough in its variety to include a range of capacity and character wide enough for social symmetry. What but a stupid and weak kind of community could grow on an agrarian chessboard without a square wide enough for an educated mind or an ambitious character?

The trouble so far in practice is that the new agrarian refuses to buy the fee simple, but has the work been directed to make his investment reasonable? As a rule, it has followed the assumption that the small holding must be an adjunct to the family income, derived from elsewhere; but it is plainly unfair to expect a man to put his money into a very inconvertible kind of asset which could not well be taken away when his work and his main income require him to go elsewhere. His own unwillingness to buy shows him the difficulty of selling

should he need to move; and he finds it safer to risk unfixed capital only, the money needed to work the plot, which can be taken out in cash at the notice of a working season. Besides, in those conditions the real basis is not agricultural; it is whatever makes the main income, and the plot is a kind of excellent hobby, but necessarily subject to the main consideration. This kind of thing may suit within working distance of the place where the city clerk or the thoughtful mechanic is employed, but it is obviously no effective scheme for getting back to the land in the really agricultural sense. The real way back to the land is through the farm small enough to suit the man who is not rich, but large enough to make a progressive outlook for a working family. Given that, the investment in fee simple is an investment towards the main income itself, and becomes an additional link with the land instead of being a source of loss through removal. When the farm affords a family footing there is no need to remove, unless through incapacity, and this risk has to be anticipated in any case. This, too, is the natural solution of the capital question. A plot merely rented by a man mainly dependent on something else, and something so intangible as his prospect of earning wages, is no security for a banker; but vest the fee simple in him, even with only a quarter of the price paid down, and the ordinary banker will see it in a very different light. In Cheshire at least, to our own knowledge, a tenant farmer who is favourably known to his banker can have fifty pounds on reasonable terms at a moment's notice, and without documentary formalities. Make the man owner and his credit is better still. The honest, efficient farmer is a welcome client at the country bank; and to keep his custom the banks might be put in competition with each other to provide the balance of the purchase-money without any such liability on the part of the State as has been found necessary in Ireland, where both character and credit have been so ruinously damaged by the same influences that have led to the Land Acts. In the long run the safe way is to make investment in the land a fair outlook for the ordinary financier, and the way to do this is by having the family unit for the foundation, with the size of the farms varied to suit the moral and financial stature of the farmers. In this way we restore our race of yeomen, the men who rode behind the barons for the charter of British liberty, instead of breeding a race of spurious Socialists for the permanent weakness of the State and the nation.

THE SUPERFLUOUS TELEPHONE.

IT has always been an unsolved question whether London in the matter of postal arrangements enjoys a privilege or suffers a disability. No letters during Sunday can reach a Londoner; he is shut off from postal communication internally, and in his relations with the outside world he is as though he were in a besieged city. The resident in a provincial town may rely on one post at least on the Sunday, or he can obtain his letters for himself within certain hours at the post office. There are grumbles from time to time by Londoners; and sometimes we have heard of provincial towns making some movement towards stopping their Sunday deliveries. The position is absurd. It is logical that there should be no post on the Sunday, or, in deference to the day, that there should be a limited post, in all towns alike. But that the present system is illogical needs no argument. The inconsistency is plain. And the inconsistency is more evident because it is due to one person—the Postmaster-General. There is no local option about the matter. He lays down the regulations and does not consult local opinion at all. Why then has London been treated as an exception to the general rule which seems to assume that it is convenient for a town or city to have a Sunday postal delivery? There is an historical reason for it perhaps, as there is for the fact that country banks are not allowed to issue banknotes; but we have never heard what it is. On social grounds there seems good reason why London should enjoy exceptional facilities of

posting similar to those it has for its public-houses and restaurants being open both on Sunday and weekdays later than they are in the country. London is frequently exempted from the operation of general Acts of Parliament which apply to all other places; but never with the object of giving less facilities, but something more; quite differently from what happens in the postal arrangements. It cannot be that the Sabbatarian spirit is stronger in London than it is in the country. Notoriously London is laxer than the country; and prima facie its inhabitants would be more impatient at its letters of pleasure or business remaining hidden in the post-office boxes throughout Sunday than the less restless and more sedate population of a country town. It is just as easy to go about in London by the usual conveyances on Sunday as on weekdays; but not in the country. And we never hear of prosecutions for Sunday trading in London, though in country towns they are not unusual.

May we look on the regulation of the Postmaster-General allowing correspondence by telephone with London on Sundays as an indication that Londoners are beginning to feel their anomalous position not only as unfair but irksome? The question would be easier to answer if we knew whether the Postmaster-General's intention is to benefit people in the country who want to correspond with London, or people in London who wish for correspondence with the country. At present we have only the fact that forty-two persons sent telephonic correspondence to London last Sunday. This correspondence may have appeared important or urgent to them; but what was the opinion of the recipients? Their estimate may have been quite different, and they may have pronounced anything but blessings on the heads of fussy, restless, excitable busybody correspondents who send messages to work off their surplus energies and their spare time, not because they have anything important to say. Everybody is the victim of the man who must write a letter or a postcard, or ring up someone on the telephone when he can find nothing else to do. But even assuming the importance of the correspondence to be what the senders thought of it, forty-two is a small number for all parts of the United Kingdom. This may be partly due, however, to the red-tape which the Postmaster-General has wrapped round the telephone regulations. He has done what is always done when Sunday facilities are given: they are conscientiously made as inconvenient as possible. The telegraph would have been far more convenient and easy; but the telephone is not so conspicuously a Sabbath-breaker. No messengers have to be employed to take the message to the recipient's address. This is good if the object is to cut down Sunday labour; but the supposed intention of the new idea is the convenience of the public. Telephone subscribers are a very small proportion of the public; and the question naturally occurs, Why do they happen to be the part of the public whose communications are considered important, while other people's may be neglected? The answer appears to be that the telephones are the only means of transmission that have always been kept as regularly working on Sundays as on weekdays. After an hour or two in the early morning the telegraph is closed, so that the people who do not yet aspire to the telephone, or whose correspondents in London have not such swell accessories, are not a whit better off. We shall be rather surprised if they do not resent the increased telephone facilities and demand open telegraph offices on Sundays.

And then why not Sunday letters? The Postmaster-General has really placed himself in an indefensible position. He might shut down the telephone service as a Sabbatarian and objector to Sunday labour. His argument would be that telephone messages are not a priori more important than telegrams or letters. But by extending telephone facilities he abandons the Sunday plea and makes invidious distinctions between different classes of the public. In pointing this out we are not meaning that the Postmaster-General ought to throw open the telegraph on Sunday, or put London as to its postal service on the same footing as other towns on Sundays. We dislike the tyranny of the telephone;

and if telephone owners have been pretending that they want Sunday service from the country it is partly because they are victims of the telephone tyranny, and partly because they are putting on the telephone "swagger". There is a factitious air of importance about it; so that what is an annoyance to sensible men from which they would gladly have a close time on Sundays becomes for vain people a thing to be mightily important about. Vanity is not a Sunday frame of mind which ought to be encouraged by the Postmaster-General. He has been persuaded into a wrong step; and if he does not want trouble about opening the telegraph and post on Sundays as on other days in London he will be glad if the new plan breaks down. Londoners do not yet feel that they have a grievance, but they will if the telephone holders have a privilege. It is human nature to want things simply because other people have them, not because the things are particularly valuable in themselves. London bears its disability without inconvenience, and the country towns would manage to get on quite well on the same footing as London and Edinburgh and Glasgow.

THE CITY.

THE week has brought a fair amount of business to the Stock Exchange, but it is rubber and mining shares which have absorbed attention. High-class investment stocks have not been in much demand, and there is still a hesitating tendency in regard to home railways. Politics are crippling both markets, and the "House" will be mightily pleased when the elections are over and other factors are given consideration. The Indian loan was not a success so far as the public subscriptions are concerned, but the underwriters are not displeased at having 50 per cent. of the stock thrown upon their hands. Insurance companies are already inquiring for the stock, and before many weeks are over it is expected that the whole amount will be placed at a price which will give the underwriters a good profit on their risk. A big success has been scored for the Province of Buenos Ayres loan, and the Calgary issue has been over-applied for. Evidence is thus afforded that while the investing public will not buy the older securities so long as the political uncertainty lasts, they are yet prepared to subscribe money for new loans provided the terms offered are attractive, as they were in these two instances. Many other loans are in preparation, and, as we feared, Brazilian State borrowing is being urgently pushed forward. Matto Grosso is one of the States anxious to obtain the support of the English investor, but it has very little to offer in the form of security, and some difficulty is expected in getting the loan underwritten. The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company is once more tempting the fates with an issue of £1,000,000 four per cent. debenture stock. As with former issues, the burthen of responsibility for the interest falls on the Grand Trunk Company, shareholders in which will be none too pleased at the prospect.

Money fears are beginning to trouble the American market, and a certain amount of uneasiness has been caused by a break in the price of cotton. The settlement in the Stock Exchange this week shows that the speculative position is once more being shifted to London, which may be good for Wall Street, but is not an unmixed blessing for us. It must not be ignored, however, that the industrial position in the States is full of promise, and that while prices are high there is less inflation than there was a few months back. The President's forthcoming Message may contain a bomb-shell, but it is not probable, as Mr. Taft is not Mr. Roosevelt, and is not so fond of playing to the gallery. Perhaps the real danger to the market is its dependence on individual lives. Each week sees the control of one or two men like Mr. Morgan extending. Mr. Morgan's interests are greater than were those of Mr. Harriman, and his personal influence is so powerful that it is difficult to imagine things going on just the same without him.

Developments in the West African market are proceeding apace. It is now announced that the Oceana

Company has sold its interest in the Welgedacht (South African) property, and is applying the proceeds to the newer field of enterprise. The announcement has a double import, and shareholders in the Welgedacht Company will not fail to appreciate its meaning. For years Welgedacht shares have been nothing more than a speculative counter, and it looks as if they are beginning to lose their attractions. They have served Messrs. Ochs well in their time, but the public are more discriminating now in their purchases and want to see results before risking their money. The Great Fingall Consolidated is also going into West African mining, having exercised the option over the property of the Tarkwa Main Reefs, Limited. A subsidiary is to be formed, and the Great Fingall will subscribe £40,000 towards the proposed working capital of £90,000. All the news from the Coast is favourable, and with the Beit interest assured there would seem to be a great future before the West African mining industry.

The speculation in rubber shares looks like developing into a wild gamble. It favours new promotions, and quite a number are in course of issue. The West Jequié Rubber Estates is one of the latest to come forward, and the directors are seeking to discourage "stags" by refusing to transfer shares until the whole of the capital is paid up. As the shares already stand at a good premium, there is sure to be a big application. The difficulty with the would-be investor is to find a promising share which can be bought round about par. Val d'Or 2s. shares are in this category, and have failed to move up because at the time of the issue the capital was badly placed. Some of the "knowing ones" are now taking the shares off the market, so that before long a substantial premium may be placed upon them. On prospectus estimates the company would seem to have good dividend prospects.

INSURANCE: ANNUITIES.

II.

THE kind of annuity that is most frequently purchased is one for which a capital sum is paid to the life office, in return for which a fixed amount is paid every year, so long as the annuitant lives. If there is only one person concerned in the transaction it is called an immediate annuity on a single life. If a man knew that he was certain to live for fifteen years, and no longer, and if he was confident of being able to earn exactly $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum upon his capital, he could with confidence spend £8 a year for each £100 of capital, although the dividend was only £3 10s., since in this way he would spend the whole of his capital, and the dividends upon it, by the time he died. The trouble is that although in this way he would have more to spend while he lived, he would be in an awkward plight if he survived for more than fifteen years, and had no capital or dividends to live upon. By joining with others in a life office he can secure the same practical result of an increased income which absorbs the whole of his capital during his own lifetime, with no possibility of being left without an income, however long he lives.

The most usual way of stating the terms for annuities is to tabulate the annuity payable at each age for every £100 of purchase money. The age usually refers to the age last birthday, but some companies quote intermediate rates for every half or quarter year of age; this may make an appreciable difference at the older ages. A man of sixty-nine could buy an annuity of £120 for a capital payment of £1000. A man of seventy could buy an annuity of £125; if his age were sixty-nine and three-quarters he could obtain something like £123 15s. from one office, as compared with only £120 from another, though the rates of the two companies might appear similar.

The published rates generally provide for the annuities being payable half-yearly, but any office will agree to pay the annuity annually or quarterly if preferred. Two quarterly payments amount to less than one half-yearly payment, and two half-yearly payments

amount to less than one annual payment: it is, therefore, a point to notice in buying an annuity whether the rate quoted is for annual, half-yearly, or quarterly payments.

At whatever intervals the payments may be made the first one is due one interval—namely, three, six, or twelve months—after the date of purchase. Under the most usual forms no payment is made, or only a very small one, if the annuitant dies between the date of purchase and the date at which the first payment of the annuity becomes due. The capital is irretrievably sunk and no part of it is returned to the estate of the annuitant, however soon he dies.

Sometimes, whether the annuitant dies soon or lives long, the final annuity payment is on the last regular pay-day prior to death. In other cases a proportional part of the annuity is paid from the regular pay-day up to the date of death. Thus if the amount of the annuity is £30 each half-year, payable on the 1st January and the 1st July, and an annuitant dies on the 1st June, some offices would pay £25 for the five months from January to June, and other companies would pay nothing at all for this period. Any office will arrange a matter of this kind to suit the wishes of the annuitant; but if a proportional part up to the time of death has to be paid, the annuity granted for each £100 of purchase money is less than if the final payment is to be made on the last regular pay-day. At the older ages this condition makes an appreciable difference, but at the younger ages the difference is very small.

Income-tax has to be deducted by life offices when paying annuities, but rebate of the tax can be obtained from the Inland Revenue authorities if the annuitant is entitled to claim it under the income-tax regulations. Thus if the total income is less than £160, and is therefore exempt from tax, the whole amount deducted by the life office can be obtained from the Inland Revenue authorities by making a claim for it on the appropriate form.

Proof of the age of the annuitant has to be provided at the time of purchase. In the majority of cases a birth-certificate can be found without much difficulty, and is the best evidence. In the absence of this, reasonable proof of other kinds is accepted.

Unlike life assurance, a state of good health is unnecessary from the point of view of the life office, and consequently no medical examination is required. Nobody in his senses would buy an annuity on his death-bed, and in normal circumstances annuities are only purchased by people who think they have a reasonable chance of living for a long time.

TARIFF AND IMPERIAL UNITY.

By VATES.

IV.—THE POWER OF INCIDENCE.

SO far I have not been concerned with raising revenue, but with the deeper question as to how its incidence, especially its import incidence, affects a country's productive power and political development. Even if we admit revenue to be the only proper purpose of taxation, conceding the whole case against Protection, many plans remain for choice, not one of which has the same economic and political value as any other. Take, for instance, the difference there must always be between deriving a given sum from taxing such imports as we could not produce and taxing those which, now free, always disturb and often disorganise our own production. From the national, imperial and economic standpoints alike, it is obvious that the best of all plans must be that which gets most of our taxes by what Sidgwick calls "levying a tribute on the foreign producers" without diminishing our necessary supply beyond the increase from alternative sources. From want of honestly examining this factor in the incidence of international taxation, we neglect the opportunity to make foreign industry pay British taxes, while we see British wages lowered to provide foreign navies against us. There is no question as to a margin by which the foreigners would cut their prices rather than lessen their

supplies to lose our market; and to the full extent of this we can at once derive our revenue from their production, with no cost to us but that of collection. The only question is as to the exact extent, determinable only by practice; and I am not going to question the yield of an incidence not yet adopted. Let the present taxation stand, everywhere in the Empire, until the Imperial Cabinet find out how much they can revise and relieve it after the initial yield of the new system, working gradually from bad to better until we have got in the imperial purse the last penny that the foreigner will yield short of lessening our necessary supply and raising our prices. To this extent it may well apply even to raw material. Probably long before that we should see production within the Empire at an increased rate, and in the same proportion we should be able to put on the last penny that sends the foreigner home. He has had a good time with us, and this is the way to get our turn.

In a letter published on 2 December 1909, Mr. Balfour, discussing the British supply of raw cotton, the foreign control of it and the attempt of the Lancashire people to grow cotton for themselves, admitted that "private enterprise should be supplemented by public aid"; but he neither asserted the imperial scope of the problem nor committed himself to methods; and raw material for a country is not more important than food for a nation. The full problem is implied, and the method at least begun, if "a reserve fund, raised in proportion from the whole Empire, is controlled by the Cabinet for fiscal experiments and local emergencies". Were it not for the cult of socialism trying to make the State the only capitalist, statesmen might feel far more free in the legitimate duty of helping both capital and labour to extend their co-operation in new regions and new applications through private enterprise. It is hard to think of a sounder State investment than the temporary bounty of twopence per pound which started the butter exportation from Victoria, now approaching two millions a year, with the import-purchasing power of the colony extended in proportion, and with the fiscal preference to British products in exchange. The Victorians themselves had to bear the whole of the initial expense, though every part of the Empire shares in the added strength of Victoria. Coupled with the imperial reserve fund for such purposes might be a sinking fund to redeem initial expenditure after its purpose has been achieved; and assuming the subvention well placed in the first instance, the increased production from it must guarantee the redemption, as in the case of any other reproductive investment; so that the taxation applied in this way might go round and round, coming in from the place that has profited by it to go out to the place awaiting its turn. It would mean the imperial credit encouraging the industrial development of the Empire, on which the imperial credit itself rests, and without any need whatever for the State to stand in the position of industrial capitalist. If it be good for the Empire to start a colony producing cotton, why should the provision of the "public aid" be borne wholly by the United Kingdom? The producer is at least as much interested as the consumer, and with the matter controlled by the representatives of all our countries together the choice of place also could be better conducted. In this connexion, too, comes the question how far the Government borrowings of the whole Empire might be economised by the unification of credit, an outlook in which the United Kingdom could hardly stand to gain financially at first, her credit being better than the credits amalgamated with it; but, on the other hand, the mere act of amalgamation might have such a financial value as to lower stock dividends in the colonies without raising them at home, thus adding another solid reason for all parts of the Empire to act as one. The unity of British feeling has so far compassed continents and survived many shocks; but, with blood and brain diverging in the necessary variations of time and distance, the British Empire of the future must require concrete security for the draft on sentiment.

To defend her poorest colony the United Kingdom, unassisted, undertakes to risk her last shilling and her last man, in return for nothing, not even a market.

Surely the most quixotic responsibility ever assumed by a people reputed for common sense, and not less dangerous to the colonies, which, restrained so far in the development of their own defence, depend on the home strength, now necessarily developed at a rate obviously short of the increasing needs. This inherent derangement of imperial power is not more dangerous than it is unfair, and the unfairness applies to all parts of the Empire alike. It is unfair to the home strength, because of the excessive cost; and it is unfair to the colonial strength, because of the inadequate provision. The colonies have shown their readiness to share on the scale of their means; but from want of a constitutional provision to represent them in the control, unity in process and action has been found extremely difficult, with nothing better as yet than a tentative and advisory meeting of politicians once in three years to pass resolutions without any unified authority to give effect to the decisions. In these Imperial Conferences we have the idea of an Imperial Cabinet conceded, but still without the power to make it really effective in practice.

In place of this imperial chaos I propose that the Imperial Cabinet undertake to provide for the naval defence of the Empire, controlled as a unity, and on the basis of contributions from the various countries in proportion to taxable capacity. Even then the colonies are favoured, with their maximum coast line against their minimum contribution; but, on the other hand, with the basis disagreed for prospective development, and with the increased encouragement in the colonies for this, we might find Canada in less than two generations with a taxable capacity comparable with that of the United Kingdom and a market for British products in proportion. The thing to keep in view is an indivisible Unity of United Kingdoms, and the colonies are ready to pool their prospective power the moment the United Kingdom acknowledges their right to a proportionate voice in the control. Failing this, we see already at work a process of imperial fission, with Canada making direct treaties, projecting a navy under separate control, and even suggesting a right to appoint "diplomatic agents" directly at foreign Courts, after which what more than a tradition is the imperial nexus? Some of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's recent speeches might have been inspired by Mr. John Redmond or Mr. Patrick Ford. In the social as in the physical economy, when organisation fails to accommodate growth, the choice is between division and destruction.

"On the decision of the Imperial Cabinet every constituent country commits itself to the principle that the Empire as a whole must use force if necessary for its self-preservation against the disloyalty of any country within it." A provision with this purpose, either written or implicit, exists in all the federal Constitutions that have grown within the Empire; and the principle must apply as between the federations themselves to make a common authority if the imperial economy is to confer its full benefits on the constituent nations, which cannot reconcile divided action with united strength. Force is the final court of appeal in such matters, and the use of force in associated interests requires unity of direction quite as much as when a single force acts for a single interest. A blow struck by united strength has more effect than a simultaneous blow by every one of the forces disunited, not to mention the economy of power through the unification of discipline. Thus Canada might build warships under independent control for several generations, and then find her power broken and her security destroyed in one day at a point five thousand miles from her nearest ship. If she cannot get her international interests duly served under the present régime, which may be, the whole outlook is changed when her chosen statesmen fill her place in a Cabinet of the Empire to conduct a greater destiny for each of the nations than could ever be evolved from its own separate potentiality.

THE HOUSE OF MANNERS.

BY SIR BARTLE FRERE.

THE directors of the Radical-Socialist party are endeavouring to raise in the minds of the electorate an enthusiasm of hatred against the House of Lords as thwarters of the people's will, but it seems likely that they will fail: among other reasons because a certain subconscious instinct of the nation perceives that the necessity for the House of Lords rests on more sanctions than one. That House is, as we know, a revising Chamber, and if it were swept away we should join that depressed and depressing group of single-chamber States which is made up of various corrupt and ineffectual South American republics, Bulgaria, and Greece. But the House of Lords is much more than a revising second Chamber. It is the outward sign and stronghold of the aristocratic spirit, without a due admixture of and leading by which no nation has ever kept healthy and strong and permanently sound. This is an aspect of the matter which appears to have been but slightly treated by the various apologists for that House, and it would almost seem that the time for this delicacy is overpast and that a few moments might be usefully spent in considering it. We have in Great Britain an aristocracy, but we have not got a "noblesse"; and there is all the difference in the world between the two. Many countries in Europe are controlled by a noblesse—a narrow and powerful caste who jealously exclude outsiders from their circle.

There are certain effervescing waters whose bubbles, when the bottles are opened, continuously rise from the bottom to the top and then sink from the top to the bottom. Such bubbles seem to afford a good image of the individual in a healthy State. He is free to rise or sink as his nature directs. If he is a superior and gifted bubble he rises, if the converse he sinks. Thus do we find things, broadly speaking, in aristocratic Britain. Now take the hidebound system of noblesse which prevails in many lands. Here we have frozen our mineral water, and each bubble is consequently fixed for ever in its position. By no means can the bubble at bottom rise, by no means can the bubble at top sink. Incompletely informed persons may say that a man who is born a peer retains his prerogatives no matter how worthless he prove. It is submitted that such a view argues an ignorance of the actual world and its actual ways, and that a true knowledge on these points is of more value in the present connexion than a priori theories.

There is no body in the world so jealous of its corporate honour as the House of Lords, nor any grouping of men which sooner resents and punishes the action of any of its members which it considers lowering to its proper dignity. If one of its members acts in a notoriously inappropriate way he feels the resentment of the entire body with electric swiftness, and the punishment is drastic, though the proletariat may not perceive this since it does not always outwardly appear. Imagine for example the case of a drunken and lubberly peer who should insist on attempting a foolish or degrading speech in the House of Lords. It would be interesting to be among the strangers who are admitted to view the proceedings of that House on such an occasion. To put the matter shortly: it may be said that—he would not repeat his offence. The House of Lords is the Mecca of "good form"; and good form, so long as it does not claim to be an entire epitome of the Ten Commandments and of all good rule, is an excellent and, indeed, indispensable thing.

The British aristocracy very largely keeps up the standard of honour, public service, and manners, and, quite apart from its services as a revising Chamber, this House is infinitely precious to the nation on these accounts, as (glancing out into the world for a moment) the foxes who have lost their tails could tell us 'an they would speak. A great mistake is often made by the proletariat in confusing the vulgar rich (who are only a few among the rich) with the British aristocracy; yet no two groups are more diametrically opposed. The over-dressed and over-jewelled persons who incessantly

dine at expensive restaurants, and generally indulge in vulgar display, are not members of the aristocracy. Nor, again, does the theatre always properly represent life as it is. The haughty, ill-bred and dictatorial dowager-countess of the stage, who browbeats and insults the unfortunate man who has made a fortune but forgotten his h's, does not find her true prototype in the pages of a Peerage. Nor is the young idiot peer with retreating chin, sucking the end of a cane, and lisping inanities, whom we sometimes see on the boards, true to life; nor the mumbling, selfish and gouty old duke.

Let us turn now to the House of Commons. Alas! what did we find here in the recent Parliament? A gigantic majority, whose members poured into the House when some personal wrangle was going on, and often quitted it when a "dull" but vitally important question of national affairs was being dealt with. We beheld on the Government side a swarm of "clever" men, containing perhaps a rather full proportion of lawyers, delighting in controversy for the sake of controversy; and self-seeking carpet-baggers; and dreamy idealists. Like hollow and resounding tin pots tied to a cat's tail, they all swept along after a few demagogues more clever and more unscrupulous than themselves—a welter of flatterers of the mob. By what delicate art may wisdom or sane counsel be distilled from such people?

ACTOR AND CRITIC.

BY MAX BEERBOHM.

LAST week, in New York, Mr. Laurence Irving made a great mistake. It cannot be rectified, and I would say nothing about it if I did not think it might serve as a useful warning to other actors. It is very natural that an actor should wish to avenge himself on a critic whom he believes to have attacked him unfairly. In such a case, let awful vengeance be done, somehow. But let not the actor suppose it can be done by a public denunciation of the critic. That is where Mr. Laurence Irving, like many actors before him, went astray. True, he did not, in the traditional manner, rush into print. He gave the enemy a bigger advertisement than that. He stalked to the foot-lights, and denounced the enemy in a set speech—a speech (to judge by the cabled fragments) of great eloquence. This was received with loud applause by the audience; and I doubt not that Mr. Irving, as he bowed himself off the stage, felt he had dealt the enemy a deadly blow. I wish he had. For that enemy I have no regard whatsoever, and will not by naming him add my quota to the fine advertisement he has received from Mr. Irving. His gibes at Mr. Irving and at Mrs. Irving were vulgar and unjust. Again I judge by cabled fragments; but these are in exact accord to the manner which I have sometimes, with gloomy curiosity, sampled at full length in the newspaper which it adorns. I can construct from them the quality of the whole article. The writer is a man not unendowed with humour and cleverness. But he has made his reputation by using these gifts mainly in the cause of crude insolence, and by the elaborate process of going out of his way to give such offence as right-hearted critics try to refrain from giving even when they are bound to blame. The matter of what he says is sometimes right enough; more often it is shaped to fit the manner; and always the manner is deplorable. Criticism of acting differs from criticism of other arts, in that it is necessarily far more personal. You can condemn or ridicule a book, or a painting, or a piece of music, in terms which, while they would be brutal and indecent as applied to the work of an actor, leave personally unscathed the writer, or painter, or composer. Art and honesty demand that the actor shall not be judged more leniently than other artists. The actor himself, in common self-respect, demands this (though always, of course, he would rather it were denied him). Humanitarianism, on the other hand, demands that our judgment of the actor shall be so worded as not to wound him. It is very difficult and

delicate, this task of telling the truth innocuously. It is not impossible, but it takes a lot of time and tact. I don't say that the critics of the London daily papers are tactless. I merely say that they haven't time. When they would blame, they have to choose between the evils of cruelty and insincerity. All honour to them for choosing the lesser of these two evils! I am as sick as any one of their sweet catch-words—"memorable", "convincing", "invaluable", "sound", "imagination and power", "considerable grace and charm", "considerable charm and skill", and the like. But I do homage to the persistent unselfishness of the purveyors. Truth-telling is in itself a pleasant function. Not so the telling of stereotyped fibs. I do homage to men who mortify themselves rather than mortify a few fellow-creatures. Base indeed do I deem a dramatic critic who makes it his business to attack actors and actresses, be they bad or good, in such language as shall cause them the greatest possible amount of pain. Such a critic is he who has been denounced by Mr. Irving. Yet is he alone culpable? How about the public which fosters him? In England no newspaper would employ him. There are doubtless in our midst men who would be willing to write as he does, if they could thereby earn the money and reputation that he has earned. But the British public would not for a moment tolerate them. I have often heard Americans deplore the existence of the critic whom Mr. Irving denounced. And I have no doubt that the applause which greeted that denunciation was quite sincere. But it is so easy to sympathise with an actor who is giving vent to righteous indignation on behalf of himself and of his wife. And I daresay that many of the loudest applauders were among the most devoted readers of the offending critic. But suppose that in the whole audience there was not one man who did not hold that critic in contempt. Even so was the responsibility of the audience less awful? Mr. Irving should have stood surveying the house, and then, very slowly, have said, "I have spoken strongly about this man. But I do not hate him. Rather do I pity him. He delights to bark and bite. It is his nature to. One does not hate a mad dog. But, if I came to a city where mad dogs were allowed to be at large, it would be not enough for me that the citizens should say 'Yes, aren't these dogs a nuisance?' I should blame these citizens for their incivism. The critic whom I have named to-night is an extreme case, no doubt. But the fact remains that a great part of American journalism is unseemly, a peril and pest, unworthy of a civilised nation. Why do you stand it? Do you wish me to be forced to the conclusion that you are not yet civilised? You deplore the corruption of your politics, just as you deplore the vulgarity of your 'yellow press'. Why don't you stop it? You could. No one has ever accused you of lethargy. You are a very vital and vigorous people. I have an immense admiration for your immense potentialities. If we in England had such politics as yours, or such a 'yellow press' as yours, I should feel desperate indeed. For we in England are growing old: our organism might not be able to cast off such maladies. But you, the young and buoyant, the aquiline and star-spangled; very surely you have the power to set your house in order. Apparently you have not the will. I pray you, be calm. Resume your seats. There is no use in your attempting to storm the foot-lights. I need but raise my hand and there would appear from the wings a strong force of armed police whom the Mayor has very kindly placed at my disposal for this evening, with orders to shoot if you show the slightest disposition to tear me limb from limb. I ask you to ponder well what I have said to you. Ladies and gentlemen, I wish you a very good night." If Mr. Irving had said something of this sort . . . but no, Mr. Irving would have been best advised to say nothing at all. The sequel to the speech that he did make was a public announcement by the managers of the theatre that had they known his intention they would have forbidden it, and that they were, as they had ever been, in favour of the liberty of the press. Thus is Mr. Irving snubbed in a strange land, and his enemy crowned with laurel. Mr. Irving could not have

foreseen this. But he certainly might have foreseen that his outburst would be but a good advertisement for the objective of it. If a journalist, criticising an artist, mis-states a fact, it may perhaps be well for the artist to make a correction. But it is never worth his while to denounce a journalist for the statement of an opinion, however vulgar or unjust that opinion may be. By so doing he both forfeits his dignity and improves the position of the journalist.

THE SOUL OF THE WORLD.

SIR WALTER RALEGH, compiling his vast "Historie of the World", touched on first causes. He was persuaded by examples of Divine Providence to fetch his beginning from the beginning of all things; to wit creation. Forthwith he raised the lantern of philosophers, schoolmen, fathers, to illuminate the primitive doctrine of the soul of the universe.

This doctrine had long been made obscure by too great enlightenment, since human reason, delighting to find in the Eastern scheme a field of speculation, exercised itself thereon throughout the ages. It was of general belief that emanations of the Deity filled his universe with life and being and formed in man a rational soul; but for the actual essence of the human soul, or of the Soul of the World, there obtained many hypotheses and little assured knowledge. "Deum namque ire per omnes." It is an instinctive affirmation to which reason owns no key; for who has searched out the secret of being?—not Pythagoras, or Plato, or Malebranche.

"Flower in the crannied wall,

I pluck you out of the crannies.

I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,

Little flower—but if I could understand

What you are, root and all, and all in all,

I should know what God and man is."

But "Anima Mundi", the "Soul of the World", was a creed of important issues of which not all have perished. So far as these were fundamental truths, though dimly apprehended in primitive thought, they have been exactly defined in science or are set in textbooks of knowledge. Is not the main principle of the Pythagorean scheme stated in Professor Haeckel's latest utterance in terms synonymous with those of the eldest pantheists? Is not the outcome of belief in Haeckel's "all-embracing essence of the world", "the eternal, all-inspiring energy", a faith in the general "acquaintance" of all organic being? Indeed this, a first issue of the doctrine of "Anima Mundi", is scarcely veiled in the present philosophic idea of "cosmic consciousness".

Small wonder men in all time turned eagerly to the mystery of "soul" in themselves and in the body of the universe. Very early they conceived of the world as an immense form or pattern of man, and of man as "an abstract, or model, or brief story in the universal". Man possessed a living soul and a spirit which was the force of his soul; the universe also was animated by a soul whose virtue was diffused throughout all things by the action of a Divine Spirit—the "same spirit", according to the orthodox exponents, "which moved upon the waters and created in them their spirituality and natural motion".

In the Soul of the World is seen the absolute ideal of cosmic being: that all things of the substance of earth are of the substance of each other, as all things by the diffusion of one spirit are knit into fellowship together. Men and brutes, birds and fishes, reptiles, insects, plants, all derive life, being, and intelligence from the Divine Spirit that both animates the universe and pervades its every part. Nor can this emanation perish: it leaves "no room for death". On the decay of the body the gift is reabsorbed in the Giver, being purged, in men, from worldly dross by means of suffering, and by trial of reincarnation in frame of man or beast.

Here, then, is the exposition of the instinctive sense of universal kinship that saw all flesh in the mother-heart of Nature, that found no strange perversion in metempsychosis, but knew a consciousness throughout the world that came from Love and went to Love, under whatsoever name Love might be called.

Sir Walter Raleigh is definite upon that conclusion of the emanative philosophy which declared the intimate approach in being of one soul to another. In the "Religio Medici" this progression is presented as "a stair of creatures rising not disorderly, or in confusion, but with a comely method and proportion". Raleigh describes a kind of interfusion of matter. "The law of nature", he says, "I take to be that disposition, instinct, and formal quality which God in His eternal Providence hath given and imprinted in the nature of every creature, animate and inanimate. And as it is *divinum lumen* in men inlightening our formal reason, so is it more than sense in Beasts, and more than vegetation in Plants." The early exponents of "Anima Mundi" in bringing the lower forms of being into the higher support, truly, such an interpretation, for they held that the soul vegetative of the plant, and the soul sensitive of the beast, were bound up with the rational soul in man. Thence, it was not in honour that souls of men inhabited the forms of beasts, neither was it in perversion; but therein was judged a significant retrogression.

In this doctrine lies, it is clear, all that our forefathers apprehended—or surmised—of marvels in nature. With such a creed of the law of relation in substance, and the law of intelligence by diffusion, how should not the ancients have believed in extraordinary manifestations of reason in every species of soul? By emanations of the Deity the man had a soul after his kind, the beast after its kind, the plant after its kind, and each soul was tinged by the essence that went before, while touching that which was above. If, then, there appeared some element in the beast, rising towards the reason of man, why might not the elephant exercise "religious rites"? or why should not the she-wolf foster a child? And if there moved some animality in the vegetative soul, why should not the barnacle tree, indeed, bear "goslings"? or the Sythian bush a "vegetable lamb"? or why might not the leaves of the tender wood-sorrel "stare up in affright" at lowering skies?

Sir Walter Raleigh had many things to say upon the vegetative soul. One divines in the prisoner in the Tower an especial affection for the green things of earth "that cover and shadow her dusty face". In bringing old speculations into line with seventeenth-century orthodoxy he argues the matter of intelligence, instancing a popular story of the courtship of the date palm by the female trees, and pointing out the inclusion of "buds of the tree" in Jewish ceremonial law against cruelty: "for some", he says, "so refer these Precepts, Thou shalt not kill the Bird sitting on her nest, nor beat down the Buds of the Tree, nor muzzle the labouring Ox". So keen a student of Greek and Latin writers upon natural law was well aware of the weight of ancient thought upon this subject. He also knew the climbing plants of whose animal sagacity innumerable tales were told—tales which seem, for the most part, as crude expressions of a faith which in former time ascribed intelligence to the vegetative soul.

Finally, in completing his discourse upon creation our philosopher entered a plea for the "uncountable glorious bodies set in the firmament", that their anciently assigned part in the working-power of Nature might not be expunged from the revised creed. "All", he affirms, "that is mortal is ruled by these beautiful creatures; all the mortal elements in man are influenced by them. Why should they be robbed of those powers and offices which yet were allowed by the Father Augustine, so long as they were regarded as Ministers only, not as Masters?"

Out of the sun, by the rays of the stars and moon, came the vivifying Spirit to move the Soul of the World, whence, mounting through diversities of being as by "a stair", it was reabsorbed in the Supreme Cause from whom again all things were known to depend. It

seems not difficult to find essential truth under these splendid errors, or to recognise an earlier theism amid the confusion of materialistic symbolism. The Soul of the World was a conception above the realms of finite reason. Man, high upon the stair of creatures, could by *divinum lumen* conceive even of infinity; but he had no godhead to measure and define that which is infinite.

FRENCH COUNTRY LIFE.

I.—THE CHÂTEAU.

THE story of the château is the same as that of many a French estate. The main building, flanked by two wings built in red brick picked out with white stone at the corners and round the doors and windows, still stands as it did when it was designed by Jacques Bruand, one of the great architects of the days of Louis XIV.; but it is shorn of much of its grandeur. The "cour d'honneur" and the park laid out by Le Nôtre have been much modified in course of time. The Anglomania of an owner who had seen the light in London in the days of the Revolution made him raze the cour and lay the foundations of a poor imitation of an English park. The feudal rights of the family extended from within a few miles of Amiens in a straight line over thirty-five miles of country, but subdivisions followed upon each other as required by the French law of inheritance, and squatters settled down outside the park gates at a time when the slightest offence to one's neighbours meant imprisonment in the Conciergerie. The house itself was, however, saved from the fury of the mob in the days of the Revolution. They had discovered "*fleurs de lys*" on the gateway and had condemned the château to be burnt. A friend of the family was one of the crowd, and he boldly asserted that they were not "*fleurs de lys*" but "*fleurs de lances*". Discussion waxed fast and furious, and the ridicule which they poured upon the man who had made this diversion made the mob forget that they had come to raze the house to the ground. Although descendants of younger scions of the house have partitioned off much of the property, the owners have restored a portion of the family fortunes by wealthy marriages, and something yet remains—enough to allow them to receive their friends when they go there every summer, and to exercise the duties of hospitality on the unpretentious if lavish scale that is common in France. They do not confine their guests strictly to the week-end, or tell them when they are expected to leave: that would be the worst of all possible forms. In theory there is no term to the visit, though guests generally find out for themselves how long they are expected to stay. Cases have arisen where this want of definiteness has led to young men having to spend the night in the library or drawing-room on a bed specially rigged up for the occasion; and yet there are rooms upstairs that might have been finished within the last two hundred and fifty years—had anyone thought of it. When the guests arrive they have to be met: either the châtelain has his own carriage at the station or hires a fly. That is his business. The host must then be on the *qui vive*. It is his bounden duty to meet his guests in the hall himself and welcome them on their arrival. It would be anything but courteous to act otherwise. When they have got rid of their overcoats he escorts them to the dining-room, where some sort of *gôûter* is prepared. Each bedroom has a cabinet de toilette attached to it, which makes the room, with its bed hid away in an alcove, appear in the light of a sitting-room, except when it has been got ready for the night.

Precedence is a much more difficult thing in France than it is in England. True, there are no hard-and-fast rules—no book which lays down definitely what ought to be a man's position. A young duke may find himself very low down on the list, whilst an Academician, a general, or even a senator or a deputy may be placed first. When once, however, it has

been fixed, it remains during the stay of the party; so much so that a man may occupy the same position during the whole week if no other guest comes to upset the original arrangement. The most important lady sits at the host's right, and the second in importance at his left. In the same way the second male guest sits to the hostess' left. The two come down arm in arm and separate when the man has left the lady at her place.

French houses do not always offer the same variety as English ones. The guests are absolutely free until breakfast at twelve o'clock, but from then on until the evening the host and hostess are constantly at their disposal. Our château was in an ugly country, for the land was rich and the farmers insisted on the trees being cut down wherever they interfered with agriculture. Amiens was, however, a wonderful resource, for everyone had to see its cathedral, one of the finest in France, and only five hours from Charing Cross; but we had our clock-golf, tennis, croquet, and the motors took us wherever we wished to go through that land whose wealth is derived from the cultivation of the beet. There were four sugar refineries within a radius of fifteen miles, and these Picards are hard workers. Notwithstanding the presence of these wealthy interlopers, the château still held its own, for there was a prestige which time had not yet worn away. The landlord had seen something of other countries and had grown indifferent to etiquette. He realised that the time had gone by when he need not take off his hat until the peasant had first bowed to him. True it was his traditional right, but he did not care, and this carelessness had stood him in good stead. They said of him "Du moins celui-là n'est pas fier", and his popularity was established on the spot. When the schoolmaster, a great authority at the local radical public-house, denounced the châteaux throughout France and told the peasants who listened to him with open mouths of the days of "dîmes", "corvées", and other feudal rights, he stopped short when he came to talk of the château that stood close by. It was threatened with destruction by fire a few years ago, and this put the loyalty of the people to the test. They rushed to the château from miles around and worked like slaves to rescue every valuable from the elements. They may talk of liberty and equality, but the old traditions die hard even in this utilitarian land, where all enjoyment is forgotten in the one task of making money by hard and unrelenting toil. They will not, it is true, return their landlord in most places as their deputy; but they are only too glad to have him as their mayor and to seek his advice when the day of trouble comes. He need not do much. A nod whenever he meets them, a friendly word here and there. A broad story discreetly told, and particularly all absence of side or swagger in this sensitive age of ours, tells in the long run. They may dread the bourgeois, but the influence of the château, if dormant, still remains, and will assert itself when the present régime becomes a thing of the past and France reacts against that ministerial pressure which is stifling all its genuine independence.

A RESTORATION MUSIC PRIMER.

NOT very many readers of to-day are acquainted with more than the name of "the learned and famous Johannes Henricus Alstedius", or even with so much. Yet in his time he was held in some esteem. De-latinised, his name was Johann Heinrich Alsted; he was born in 1588 in Germany, became a Lutheran pastor, he wrote many works, and died in 1638. His many works include an encyclopædia in seven volumes which ran into a second edition, as we should say nowadays, ten years after the publication of the first. In England his most popular achievement was "... or the Saints Reign on Earth for a thousand years", in which he prophesied that this reign would begin in 1694. It did not; and now "The Saints

Reign on Earth" has gone away down the winds. As for the "Templum Musicum" it is extremely likely that most of the copies helped to make roar the fires or occupied a temporary and dishonoured place in the wastepaper-baskets of an earlier day. For being, to begin with, very dry and dull, and into the bargain most grotesquely inaccurate, and as the crown of all its defects quite impossible to understand, those who bought it to "learn music" would soon get rid of it. Herr Alsted was unlucky in his translator, one John Birchensha, a gentleman who, to do him bare justice, must have been completely mad. Birchensha is now a very vague personage: the dates of his birth and death are alike unknown; and the editors of the "Dictionary of National Biography" found themselves driven to class him with the mysterious persons whose period is indicated thus: "fl. 1664-1672"—which in Birchensha's case means that little trace of his existence can be discovered before 1664 nor any after 1672. That he made during those eight brief years any stir whatever cannot be alleged. But in 1664 his translation of the "Templum Musicum" was "printed by Will Godbid for Peter Dring at the Sun in the Poultry next door to the Rose Tavern". It was a pretty custom—one which might win Mr. Chesterton's approval—for a respectable bookseller to indicate his address by mentioning the nearest public-house. The habit says something for the ways of seventeenth-century book-buyers. The full title of the work is "Templum Musicum: or the Musical Synopsis of the Learned and Famous [etc.], Being a Compendium of the Rudiments both of the Mathematical and Practical Part of Musick: of which Subject not any Book is extant in our English Tongue. Faithfully translated out of Latin By John Birchensha. Philomath". And the title-page also bears the significant remark "Imprimatur. Feb. 5, 1663. Roger L'Estrange". Roger need have had little trouble about licensing it: so intelligent a man must have seen at a glance that no one would ever comprehend it and that few would try.

A copy bound in leather now lies before us. The frontispiece is gone; a hole worn in the cover hints that the volume has been used as a substitute for the missing castor of a table-leg; but the pages are unthumbed, spotless. It contains the names of two former possessors, in the writing of two different ages. "John Milne Book" is one inscription, showing a defective sense of grammar, and "Robert Mackworth" the other. One wonders who they were, and whether in turn they arose in wrath from an attempted perusal, swearing they had been swindled; one reflects also that for many a year their eyes have been stopped with dust, while the book, perhaps first their pride and joy and lastly their despair, has come on to us for our entertainment.

Entertaining it certainly is, granted that the reader possesses tenacity of purpose. Birchensha himself thought it instructive (though not too heavy), and he dedicated his translation to the Earl of Sandwich. He also thought it the only book of its kind—which is likely enough, though there was at least one excellent instruction book then in circulation, Playford's "Easy Introduction". Alstedius is certainly not easy. His opening "precept" merely astounds us: "Musick is the Science of Singing well, otherwise called Harmonical: and Musathena". With his first rules the fun becomes fast and furious: (1) "Musick is a Mathematical Science, subalternate to Arithmetick"; (2) "An Harmonical Song is a concinnous multitude of Sounds, rightly composed according to the Text"; (3) "The Subject of Operation in Musick are Things sacred and liberal. By which it appeareth that the usefulness of it is very great". By working hard to comprehend these rules Birchensha would have it that anyone could soon become skilful in music; but we are more than sceptical—quite incredulous—as to their "usefulness" to Restoration-period children, maidens or adults (and, as a recent Turkish author writing in English had it, "adultrices"). Alstedius was obviously learned in metaphysical and theological jargon and methods, and he applied both to music, making complex the simple, crooked the plain, hard

the easy. He anticipated the explanation of the art of music given by David to Walther in "Die Meistersinger". Yet Alstedius was very bitter concerning the teaching of other writers: "You may see most (whether with Indignation or no) to have spent a good part of their Age upon this Art, and yet to have profited very little . . ." How he simplified matters may be seen from this specimen of his notation of a fragment of church melody which in ordinary notation any choir-boy of to-day, and certainly of 1664, could easily read and sing:

288	230	288	270	270	288
Lau-	da-	te-	do-	mi-	nus
2	1½	½	½	½	2

It looks like an insurance table, or a chess problem.

Alstedius divided music not only into sacred and civil, but also into general and special. By general he meant the science of sounds, acoustics, as then understood; by special the practice of particular kinds and forms of music. To his acoustics he devotes eighty-six pages, and to the practice seven and a half. If his science is bewildering, what shall we say regarding the first rule of the practice?—"The upper Artery (or Windpipe) of a man, Vocal by the Tongue, is the Law of all Musical Instruments". But this turns out to be only an expression of the author's view that instrumental and indeed all music is derived from music meant to be sung; and he is acidly sarcastic in dealing with a rival theory—"whatever they talk of Pythagoras, that he found out Musick by the striking of divers Hammers upon an Anvile".

It is a curious reflection that while—at any rate until recent times—those that lingered in Academic groves had greatest reverence for the ancient masters of literature, in music the opposite has been, and is now, the case. The musical Academics of to-day see less than anyone in the music written before Bach. That the "science of musick" may be restored to its ancient dignity we suggest that would-be doctors in music should be set a few questions on the "Synopsis" of Alstedius. For instance, Define Monads, Dyads and Tryads (page 60); What on earth is a Diapente? (page 93); Explain the following "rule": Compounded Dyads do imitate the nature of Simple" (page 54); Prove that a passage of four-part harmony on page 71 is not a fugue, as alleged by Alstedius, and that Birchensha's suggested emendation is little better. No doubt the Editor would send a copy of this Review post free for a hundred years to the first successful candidate. But we do doubt that Alstedius is too far out of date for even the most ardent lovers of the old music. Worse still, he knew too little of both the science and the art. Birchensha seems to have known something, but he was, as we have said, mad. Evelyn heard some of his compositions and thought little of him. He "flourished" for eight years; and his last proposal was to write a treatise from which the deaf and dumb could learn to write good music. The proposal came to nothing; and Birchensha must, as Mr. Arthur Symonds sang of us all, laid his labours "in lands where night and twilight meet", and he himself disappears in the blackest of darkness.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"SOLD ITSELF TO SOCIALISM."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

Brigstock, Thrapston, 10 January 1910.

SIR,—It is well to see intelligent men converted from the "error of their ways". It is, therefore, gratifying to me to note that your correspondent Mr. W. M. Cooper is now "against the present Government". He is sure Socialism is wrong. Most of us cannot accept the Socialistic dictum that there is no distinction between meum and tuum. But our friend is not sure about Tariff Reform. May I try to convert him?

Some years ago I was staying at Bad Boll. In conversation with some German students one of them said to me "We have just passed a Bill in our Reichstag for the enlargement of our navy. We shall soon have a fleet equal to yours, and then we will sweep you off the seas". "Yes", I thought, "and it is for this we have made you rich." Will he think out all that this means?

Now for another point. Thirty years ago I went a good deal on the Continent. I rarely saw a German at any of the hotels. They had no money in those days. To-day there is often no such thing as stirring for Germans. And the proprietors will tell you it is not you they want to see, it is the Germans. Why? They have the money.

And what has made the difference? Free trade on the one side, Protection on the other. We have "Free Trade" and are poor. They have Protection and are rich. Things are plain enough for those that will see.

There is not another nation under the sun so foolish as we are. Have we more wit and wisdom, reason and common-sense, than all the world put together? Can we not see that England by her foolish "Free Trade" principles is going to the dogs?

Yours truly, J. P. SANDLANDS.

"EGYPT FROM TWO POINTS OF VIEW."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

32 Addison Mansions, Kensington, W.
13 January 1910.

SIR,—In your issue of 8 January, in which you pulverised my "By the Waters of Egypt" by comparing it with the book of Mr. Weigall, who is about the best writer on Egypt, your critic asked a rhetorical question. The words I refer to are "We are likewise informed that from the pigeon-towers of Upper Egypt the temple pylons were derived; that 'in primitive days . . . every temple had before it one of these pigeon-towers', and that 'the birds were a valuable asset towards the expenses of the temple'! Whose fertile brain is responsible for this amazing theory?"

You will be interested to hear that I had this theory from no less a personage than Mr. A. E. P. Weigall himself—the Chief Inspector of Monuments in Egypt.

I daresay that the information about Karnak in my book, which I derived from the lips of Mr. Legrain, the Curator in charge of the ruins there, appears equally unreasonable.

NORMA LORIMER.

THE BANKING QUESTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

19 Boscombe Road W. 3 January 1910.

SIR,—Your correspondent "Chela" would regulate credit issues by the price of wheat instead of by demand as in other production. But I submit that a rise in the price of wheat may result equally from an era of prosperity in machine production or from corn famine. Yet in the former case credit should obviously not be restricted.

Competition in banking is desirable for the same reasons that apply to competition elsewhere—in insurance companies for instance. There is the same risk for the unwary, but the advantages of variety and freedom outweigh the risks. We may rely upon private enterprise to give us, in addition to the useful local note, one which will circulate throughout the country.

Your second correspondent questions the expediency of a note unbacked by gold. The new school of finance, however, holds as a root theory that the essential condition of a banker's discount of a bill of exchange, for instance, is not his gold reserve but the integrity of his client. When the community uses its science to invent other means than the gold check (and there are many) of proving the soundness of the banker's issues, the way will be open for the introduction of a cheap, flexible, yet stable credit system.

HENRY MEULEN.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

61 Belgrave Road S.W.

SIR,—When you are good enough to publish an article of mine, such as my recent criticism of modern children's books, courtesy to yourself demands that I should answer any comment on it. Otherwise I think I should have ventured to ignore the letter of Mr. ff. A. Wolfe, which bears every mark of having been written from a lunatic asylum.

Mr. Wolfe begins by expressing his affable certainty that no one reads anything I write; then he proceeds to adopt several statements of mine about children's literature as his own, and apply them—so far as I can understand his incoherent sentences, which, to be frank, is not very far—to children's picture-books; the latter requiring my attention, he is good enough to say, "every bit as badly as does the story-book".

These things being, on the whole, among the most artistic work produced in modern Europe, I decline with much emphasis to have my criticism of child literature extended to them. Mr. Wolfe is quite at liberty to call these books "vulgar" and "stupid", and to say that they have "fallen on evil days"; though the opinion of a person who believes that up to a point and for a time "children like anything" would, I fear, merely provoke a smile among persons like myself who live in this nursery world from year's end to year's end; but I object to having my name mixed up with such nonsensical criticism.

The illustrations of children's story-books, even those of the trashy stories about which I was writing, are mostly excellent; and the mere picture-books, from the old Nuremberg toy-book where you pull a string and cause every animal to make its proper noise, or the riotous wit of "Buster Brown", down to the ever-popular "rag-books", could hardly be improved. It is only a pity that so many of these should be designed and printed in America and Germany. When will English publishers and toy-makers condescend to study the works of genius displayed in the Kaiserstrasse of Nuremberg, or the Nain Bleu of Paris, and come back and do likewise—or better—in London?

EDWARD H. COOPER.

DID MR. PICKWICK FAST?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Reference to the Minutes of the Pickwick Club, Chapter I., and to the clear statement of the Editor at the beginning of Chapter IV., which explains the spirit in which he lays on "important facts" in a clear and gentle stream to a world thirsting for Pickwickian knowledge, will, I think, help us in explaining the seeming "oversights" to which your correspondents call attention.

We are promised authentic accounts of important facts judiciously arranged and impartially narrated.

I notice in reading the "Papers" that reference to such details as food and time are chiefly made when it is necessary to introduce some important character, incident, or story, and that otherwise they are passed over. Why do your correspondents suggest that Mr. Pickwick had no dinner, or that he ought to have arrived at Gray's Inn at two o'clock? The fact that he was accompanied by a man whose knowledge of London was "extensive and peculiar" affords good grounds for believing that the inner man was not neglected, and that thus the delay was accounted for. "Sam!" "Coming, sir." "How long you have been!" "There was something behind the door, sir" (cap. 26). Do we want to be told what that was? We may further suppose that Mr. Pickwick and his companions were so overcome by their troublesome journey to Manor Farm that they would not be inclined for food or to record any such trifle; but we find that the homely supper is duly recorded, because Mr. Pickwick "thought he had never felt so happy in his life". Neither Winkle nor Snodgrass were in a state to think of food after the events of the previous night, and in view of the pleasant

prospect awaiting them at "sunset". Even breakfast is lightly passed over. But, and mark the impartiality of the Editor, it is recorded that Mr. Pickwick "evinced an unusual attachment to silence and soda water". Soda water at breakfast! That is an important fact, for it emphasises the concern of our revered friend at the conduct of his companions. Any other construction, of course, has nothing to do with the case. With regard to Mr. Pickwick's imprisonment, I gather that the action was tried on 14 February (cap. xxxiii.); on the 15th he is informed that execution can issue next term, just two months hence (cap. xxxiv.); that Mrs. Bardell (cap. xlv.) was arrested within a week of the close of July, and that Mr. Pickwick left the next day. "Trinity term commenced" (cap. xl.) may be a slip. Those who understand these matters may decide. It is clear that the harbitrary cove (not Sam) is not abolishing time when he mentions three long months (cap. xlv.).

Your obedient servant, OBSCURE.

"BLACKBIRD, SING ME SOMETHING WELL."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

12 January 1910.

SIR,—A contributor to your valuable paper of the 25th ult. writes an article on certain December conditions in the country. Had he substituted in his remarks on bird song the word "thrush" for "blackbird" I should not be writing this letter. But as a lover and observer of birds, I have yet to learn that the blackbird has a "wild" note, "sudden" also, and that it "sings all day". Even in summer this is not common for the blackbird.

Poets and naturalists generally associate the terms "mellow", "rich", "sad", with the plaintive repetition of the blackbird's note. For surely no "wild" burst of loud and joyous melody ever issued from the throat of this rather timid songster. In decided contrast is the bold and cheery thrush, who truly sings now from "morn till eve", and certainly does burst forth in "wild" glad tones; in later spring even vexing the lesser birds with the force of his song, which extinguishes theirs.

On hot days in early summer, about one o'clock, when all other bird voice is silent, when the birds are taking a siesta or feeding their young, the gentle, oft-reiterated strains of the blackbird fall quite soothingly on the ear; but when the thrush awakes, his gay song rouses the listener to a more vigorous belief in the beauty of everything around him.

At present the blackbird has not begun to sing, certainly not in Surrey nor Somerset.

I am, Sir, faithfully yours,
A LOVER OF BIRD SONG.

"NATIONAL COMPOSERS AT QUEEN'S HALL."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

10 January 1910.

SIR,—A sentence in Mr. John F. Runciman's informing article under the above heading suggests a natural question and answer. He remarks: "As I have said, we shall get English music when English composers have something purely English to say, and not till then".

Is it irrelevant in this connexion to quote from the same writer in another place?

At page 53 of his worthy appreciation of Purcell Mr. Runciman hazards the observation: "Some day that unheard-of thing, an intelligent music publisher, may be born into the world. . . ." That is, presumably, one who would recognise the genuine article if he saw or heard it, and whose first idea would not be to penalise the composer for the favour of recognition.

Can Mr. Runciman or any other of your readers yet name a publisher at all answering this description in the problematical event of the musician "with something purely English to say" turning up?

Yours unhesitatingly,
No.

REVIEWS.

TIME'S LAUGHINGSTOCKS.

"Time's Laughingstocks." By Thomas Hardy. London: Macmillan. 1909. 4s. 6d. net.

WE are content to appreciate these verses—very diverse in date and by no means equal in quality—without regard to the general question how far Mr. Thomas Hardy has treated the world justly, for more than a decade, by concentrating his art within the medium of verse. Viewed simply as a literary phenomenon the thing is singular, and every admirer of the writer's genius must have pondered it with much conjecture. Obviously this recourse to verse, in the case of Mr. Hardy, is rather a deliberate self-restraint than an effusion of pent energy. His work in bulk (he seems to say) is complete; but he is still willing to distil for us in the short poem drops of the unmistakable essence. In his preface to these verses he hopes "they will, as a whole, take the reader forward, even if not far, rather than backward". The modesty and self-judgment are quite characteristic. Certainly it would be unfair to say that we have nothing fresh in this volume. Anything that is truly Mr. Hardy's has freshness, for, however recognisable by this time the sentiment and atmosphere of his verse may be, they are always conveyed to us by direct observation of things and visualised with that unfading interest which concrete life, clearly seen, always possesses. This direct observation of actual things is the sheet-anchor of the fully matured artist. The poet who deals in pure ideas cannot outlive his vernal prime. It is part of our general frailty that ideas, in themselves, soon tarnish. They must be bright with youth if they are to hold us. In repetition they are tedious. But the face of visible nature is inexhaustible. Wordsworth at the age of seventy could note, as for the first time, the beauty of the mountain-daisy's "star-shaped shadow thrown on the smooth surface of a naked stone"; and his characteristic wish that this beauty were known to the "mountain-daisy's self"—a notion almost tritely familiar, in general, to Wordsworthians—thrills us with a delicate novelty, drawn from the particular and exquisite image itself. Here lies the charm of Mr. Hardy's autumnal verse. The emotions he excites in us are just those in which all his work is steeped; but such emotions, in the mystery of art, are inseparable from the sights and sounds of nature which embody them, and Mr. Hardy's eye and ear are still open to new impressions. He turns from "the Christmas blaze" within the room to "the frosty scene outside", where a starving thrush "toils to reach a rotting berry". This is the sort of little picture, seized at first hand, which keeps ever living and poignant his tragic view of life. Take a verse, again, of the sad little poem "The Farm-Woman's Winter", and note the strength it gains from the descriptive phrase of the third line:

"If seasons all were summers,
And leaves would never fall,
And hopping casement-comers
Were foodless not at all,
And fragile folk might be here
That white winds bid depart;
Then one I used to see here
Would warm my wasted heart!"

Not least among the elements which give vigour and reality to Mr. Hardy's verse is his indifference to the so-called "poetic" vocabulary. The arts of prose and of verse are so different that a writer like Mr. Hardy, master of a dreamy prose music unrivalled in our literature, could hardly be expected to throw off, in his by-product of verse, a note of lyric freedom and sweetness. He is, in fact, too wise to make the attempt. Seeing life essentially as a poet—all his novels prove this—he is content to employ the verse-form just so far as his own vocabulary, acquired by years of the prose habit, is compatible with sincere expression in verse. The result, challenging of course no comparison with the purer lyric masterpieces, is by no means without a

piquant music of its own. It is justified, as verse, by the standard which alone justifies a work of art; namely, in that it expresses, unmistakably and intimately, the personality of the writer.

"They come and seat them around in their mouldy places,

Now and then bending towards me a glance of wistfulness,

A strange upbraiding smile upon all their faces,
And in the bearing of each a passive tristfulness."

To complain of "roughness" in Mr. Hardy's verse, as some people complain, is to set up once more that false ideal of smooth artifice which nowhere makes its deadly effect more obvious than in minor verse. The same sort of people who find a "prosaic" quality in such lines as these were offended formerly by the number of juxtaposed consonants in Matthew Arnold's lines. No doubt the weak side of the Tennyson tradition, which makes a teapot "a fluttering urn", has been mainly responsible for these quaint but prevalent notions about verse technique. At least it is cheering to find that a great novelist, who has always been at heart a poet, may turn to verse, if he be so inclined, and there produce an expression of himself not inadequate, by very reason of his indifference to schoolboy notions of what verse is.

Covering a range of forty years or more, these verses are instinct with Wessex feeling and life. Mainly dramatic, their very titles have the flavour of the essential Hardy—"The Curate's Kindness", "The Rejected Member's Wife", "Reminiscences of a Dancing Man", "The Dead Quire", "By the Barrows", "The Vampirine Fair", "One Ralph Blossom Soliloquises". The title "Time's Laughingstocks", though it is applied only to one division of the volume, sums up more or less the sentiment of the whole, as we should expect. That introspective pathos which is founded on the mere transiency of life, the loss of youth, has always played a large part in the sombre beauty of the novels. In this order of pathos, indeed, Mr. Hardy is supreme master, and inevitably it tinges all these poems. There are not wanting, also, some of those general speculations, audaciously uttered, on man's destiny and the scheme of the universe; the same spirit, in fact, which informed the more mystical side of his great panorama "The Dynasts". "New Year's Eve" is the boldest of the poems in this vein.

The whole book—while almost every poem in it would admit of some charmingly characteristic quotation—is really a book for possession by all who care for Mr. Hardy's genius. We can go through the volume page by page and find touches that recall, with new vividness, the world of the novels and marvellous short stories. The church choirs and country dances, shadows of the graveyard yew, rustic quaintnesses and heartaches, the spreading heath whose colour is lost in our sense of windy desolation and elemental space, the cruelties and cross-purposes of existence, all touched with that strangely romantic hand at once so exotic and so intensely English, inhabit this book once again and gain something of poignancy, if that were possible, by the brevity of these utterances. We do not pretend that we should think so much of the verses, or read so much into them, if we had not read the author's prose work. But our admiration is not therefore to be dubbed adventitious. It is the privilege of every great artist thus to create an atmosphere of appreciation. That he should win us back to the old pleasure, in some of its old intensity, even by brief reminders of himself, is the natural reward of his work as a whole. The spell which writers like Mr. Hardy know how to cast is always cumulative in its effect.

BÜLOW.

"Le Prince de Bülow." Par André Tardieu. Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 1909. 3fr. 50c.

A CONSIDERABLE portion of this work, if not the whole, has already appeared in the "Revue des Deux Mondes". We still possess reviews in this country which will occasionally devote a few pages to

a study of contemporary foreign statesmen, but there would, we fear, be little or no sale for a book of this nature. Even our cultured class can be hardly said to take a real interest in foreign affairs, therefore they take no real interest in foreign statesmen. This is to be regretted on many grounds, but we can none the less heartily congratulate a French writer on the manner in which he has accomplished a task by no means easy. Prince von Bülow has inflicted on France more than one humiliation; but on the whole we have little fault to find with M. Tardieu on the ground of unfair criticism. If he has not written a panegyric, he has never gone out of his way to condemn. His work is exactly what such a book should be when written within a few months or years of the events it deals with. A knowledge of German politics, as well as of the course of international affairs, was necessary, and that M. Tardieu clearly possesses.

From one standpoint a book produced in this manner must be necessarily incomplete. It is impossible to give a final judgment on the foreign and domestic policy of a statesman within a year of his retirement. The hackneyed simile of great men and great mountains may be applied no less to their policy. Perhaps it includes it. You cannot judge either the man or his work till you are removed some distance from them. M. Tardieu finds one of Prince von Bülow's principal failings in his taste for rapid solutions of pressing difficulties. He thinks that he has missed success not infrequently because he grasped at it too soon. This is the great drawback to an opportunist policy, and von Bülow was an opportunist throughout; but it is not easy to see how he could have been anything else. Whether or no his opportunism has evoked more difficulties than it allayed seems a question which it is as yet too early to answer. In existing conditions in Germany it is not possible for a Minister to go ahead ruthlessly as Bismarck did in his early days, defying Parliament and dragging along a half-reluctant Sovereign in his wake. A German Chancellor to-day has to deal with a Sovereign of great ability and force of character and a Parliament which does not govern but yet possesses sufficient power to compel careful and diplomatic treatment.

M. Tardieu is right in tracing much in von Bülow's method of government to his long diplomatic experience. The training of an English statesman presents no analogy to these conditions. Yet Bismarck in the past, von Bülow and von Aehrenthal to-day all passed through a diplomatic career before they undertook ministerial functions. After holding minor posts in Paris and St. Petersburg von Bülow became Minister in Roumania, and finally for four years Ambassador in Rome before becoming Foreign Minister in 1897 and Chancellor in 1900. Such opportunities for learning at first hand the views and personalities of foreign statesmen cannot but be excellent schooling for a future director of foreign affairs. It is permissible to doubt whether it may be equally serviceable for the purpose of parliamentary government. Probably it would not be in a system such as ours. The parliamentary system of Germany is different. To conduct the policy of the State in home affairs to a successful conclusion a multiplicity of working agreements with various groups have to be entered into. There is no possibility of governing by means of one party with an overwhelming majority and a definite programme. On the other hand, defeat in the Reichstag by no means involves the resignation of a Minister, who is accountable to the Kaiser alone. Trained as a diplomatist, von Bülow conducted his parliamentary campaigns by diplomatic methods. He was without prejudices and worked with any party that would help him, except the Socialists. He would not have allied himself with them, but he would have had no more objection to their votes than Vespasian had to his subjects' coppers. Diplomacy gives no scope for the dreamer, political life sometimes does. Von Bülow avowed himself a realist and a follower of Bismarck. There were occasions when his own countrymen, no less than foreigners, accused him of brutality. His treatment of Kruger, Delcassé, and finally of Isvolsky, were instanced in support of this charge; but on every occasion he could

show German interest as the sole ground for his action and the absolute necessity for it. As a parliamentary orator he was extraordinarily persuasive and adroit: sometimes he rose to great heights. His speeches sparkle with epigrams. "Alliances are like women: those are the best that are spoken-of the least." "The Eastern Question is like the sea serpent: only one part of it ever shows itself at one time." A page might be filled with quotations as good. His resignation was hardly a defeat. He probably did not dissolve the Reichstag because the Federal Council did not consent, though M. Tardieu does not note this. According to M. Tardieu, his resignation implied the victory of parliamentarism over aristocracy in Germany. We doubt it.

It was not his fault that he left the State in grave financial difficulties. In Europe his policy had triumphed. He had bound Austria indissolubly to Germany by his ultimatum to Russia, and was more than amply compensated for any slight successes of the parties to the entente in earlier encounters. Germany and her ally unquestionably dominate Europe to-day, and von Bülow remains by far the greatest Chancellor since Bismarck.

PAST AND PRESENT.

"The Merry Past." By Ralph Nevill. London: Duckworth. 1909. 12s. 6d. net.

FROUDE tells us that the favourite adjective in the days of the Tudors was "merrie". Mr. Ralph Nevill in his entertaining book suggests the question whether the past was really merrier than the present. The word "merry" was a favourite long after the spacious days of Elizabeth, and well on to the end of the eighteenth century. We remember in a memoir of Mrs. Montagu that one of the footmen, who had been sent to town in charge of some ladies, was asked on his return how the party were, and he kept on repeating that the ladies were very "merry", by which he did not seem to mean more than that they were well. Was the past more merry than the present? It was undoubtedly more dirty and more noisy; but were people happier? Mr. Nevill answers Yes; and we think that he does prove two points up to the hilt—that the men and women of the past had a greater supply of animal spirits and more originality in their amusements than the present generation. Take the romping of Greenwich Fair as an instance; it would be impossible to-day, both because the young men and maidens of to-day would not have sufficient spirits to attempt it, and because if they did the police would spoil the sport. Vauxhall, again, must have been a pretty rough place, and despite the efforts of Tom Tyers to keep it respectable, a great deal of gallantry must have gone on in its dark alleys which would not be tolerated to-day. This leads us to regret how completely dancing as a public amusement has disappeared. After the closing of the Argyll Rooms and Cremorne there were a few fitful attempts to keep dancing alive as a pastime in such places as the Corinthian and Gardenia Clubs. But the youth of the present day do not seem to have the energy to dance, which is a pity, for dancing is very healthy exercise. The old forms of sport, cock-fighting and prize-fighting, brutal as they were, had this advantage, that they drew the upper and lower classes together in a friendly and easy way. The modern football match is purely democratic, and is not patronised by the aristocracy. This separation in their amusements has alone made possible the bitter feeling of Socialists against the landed gentry. Mr. Nevill is right in saying that all individuality, what is sometimes called eccentricity, has disappeared from our pleasures. Conventionality is the note of the present, and the endless regulations of a paternal Government (which makes juvenile smoking an indictable offence) produce a dead level of uniformity and decorum. People take their pleasure in droves: everybody does, or wants to do, the same thing at the same time. Everybody goes out of town on Saturday to play golf; everybody goes to Scotland in the autumn to shoot, or pretend to shoot; everybody goes to the South of Europe in the early spring, and to Paris at Easter.

And all these things which the upper class does the middle class tries to do. The consequence is that boats, trains, hotels and golf links are crowded to discomfort; and that all the newspapers are filled with monotonous reports of the amusements of the millions. But is there a spark of originality left? Where are the John Myttons gone? We are afraid Mr. Nevill is too much in the right when he says "all frolic has fled from England". Democracy is serious to dullness, and hates originality as the devil hates holy water. In one respect the present is a great improvement on the past, namely, in the accommodation for bachelors about town. The dingy, mephitic dens about Bury and Jermyn Streets, with the dirty, lazy, impudent "slavey", where the early Victorian man-about-town was forced to lodge, are things of the past. The modern bachelor's chambers in S. James' are so comfortable, not to say luxurious, that the wonder is that any of them marry; a great many of them do not. Mr. Nevill's humorous and realistic picture of lodgings in S. James' is such that we wonder any of them remained single; very few did. We trust that this great historic change will cure some hosts and hostesses of their trick of putting the modern man-about-town into the most uncomfortable rooms, which they jocularly call "the bachelors' wing". The modern bachelor will not return to a country house which has this barbarous relic of the Merry Past.

LOST AMONG THE TREES.

"Trees and Shrubs of the British Isles, Native and Acclimatised." By C. S. Cooper and W. Percival Westell. London: Dent. 1909. 2 vols. 21s. net.

HERE is a book with which two people, at any rate, are well satisfied; perhaps we might even say three, if we take into account the artist. The authors enter the lists announcing themselves with a great blare of trumpets and beating of drums. In their preface they tell us that their "wide experience as practical botanists and field naturalists has been brought to bear on the subject, and where this has been inadequate most careful research has been carried out and no effort spared to make the work absolutely reliable and up to date. The style of treatment is scientific", etc. They claim that the "work appeals to art masters, botanists, field naturalists, foresters, the general reader who wishes to know something of trees and shrubs, horticulturists, natural history and scientific societies, owners of estates and gardens, students, teachers, and to the users of general reference libraries". A book so heralded and brought out in a sumptuous shape, upon which the publisher, taking the writers at their own valuation, has expended all the glories of superlatively excellent paper and bold type, must, we fondly imagine, be something quite out of the common. Our confidence was a little shaken when we read the statement that "although there have been many works produced dealing with trees, we know of none giving detailed descriptions of such a number of species, and shrubs it is believed have never been so dealt with". Could it be that these two learned gentlemen of "wide experience" had never heard of Loudon's "Arboretum et Fruticetum Britannicum", with its many hundred admirable descriptions and nearly three thousand illustrations of trees and shrubs? Have they never heard of Decaisne, Naudin, and Hemsley? Apparently not, for "shrubs it is believed have never been so dealt with". Surely, too, Nicholson's Dictionary "deals with" shrubs! In spite of this, we opened this remarkable book with high anticipations of profit and pleasure. Such conscious superiority must surely be rich in power of instruction. Alas for our shattered hopes! We have searched through the book from alpha to omega without finding one new idea, one illuminating spark, one redeeming feature.

Having told us in their preface what they think of themselves, the authors proceed in their introduction to tell us what they think of other people. "It is

astonishing how many so-called gardeners and owners of beautiful gardens are unfamiliar with the names and uses of the botanical treasures which lie at their very feet." They are "quite unable to say whether a certain tree is a deodar or an Atlantic cedar, a wellingtonia or a Lawson's cypress"; "or again, how many could identify the tree of Heaven (ailanthus), the kidney-bean tree (wistaria), tulip tree or evergreen oak?" The wide experience of these gentlemen has apparently brought them into contact with a peculiar race of gardeners unknown to our more limited ken. The whole introduction is a curiosity. Having settled the question of the ignorant gardener, it proceeds to give us a certain number of pages of platitudes and commonplaces about soil, shapes of trees, and so on. The roots are dismissed in five lines, one of which is devoted to telling us that trees and shrubs vary considerably in their method of rooting; but as to the functions of the root they give us not a word. We are glad to learn that "mankind uses the bark of the cork oak in many ways", and that "that of oak and birch is much used in tanning"—all of which is highly novel and instructive. "Before leaving the main stem of the tree we may refer to the innumerable uses to which the timber is applied. The mere mention of only the principal would occupy several pages"—and that is all we are to be told of the uses of timber! The style of the writing is such as one might have expected from one of the pupils of Miss Pinkerton's academy for young ladies on Chiswick Mall. Birds "build their mossy cradles among the pliant branches"; "the bees pursue their sweet pillage among the flowers" "of an evening when the heat and dust of the day have departed and twilight replaces the dawn (!), when the little pipistrelle bat is commencing its nocturnal exploitations", etc. "Have you ever wandered through some favourite belt of woodland listening to the feathered choir, stooping to caress some vegetable treasure at your feet?" and so on for many pages! When one reads such namby-pamby stuff as this, one is reminded of Dr. Johnson's castigation of Ogilvie's "white-robed innocence and flower-bespangled meads".

If the book were only guilty of such sillinesses as these it would at any rate be actively harmless; unfortunately that is not its only shortcoming. The "wide experience" of the authors has emboldened them to attempt higher flights, in which, when they reach the cold cruel region of facts, they are hopelessly adrift; nor are they always in agreement on one page with what they have said upon another.

Upon few subjects has more nonsense been written than the age of trees. When this is the case in letters addressed to the newspapers by irresponsible persons we may smile, but we know that is what we have to expect; when, however, we find men who proclaim themselves to be experts talking of trees older than the dawn of history (what, by the bye, is the dawn of history?) we cannot help feeling somewhat indignant. In the introduction we are told that several oaks in England have probably stood for 800 to 1500 years—rather a large margin—while in the description of the so-called British oak *Quercus pedunculata*, it is seriously asserted that the probable age of some specimens is 2000 years! The common elm (*Ulmus campestris*) is mentioned as one of the long-lived trees, standing for from 500 to 600 years, whereas it is a matter of common knowledge that the length of its tether is about 250 years—that, in fact, it is quite a short-lived tree. Where, for example, are the giants that were the glory of the Eton playing-fields sixty years ago? They were planted in King Charles the First's reign, and not one is left; and the much younger trees of the famous avenue in the Long Walk at Windsor, what of them? Many have disappeared, and all that remain are now dangerous. The yew is certainly the oldest of British trees, but the age even of that has been grossly exaggerated. The old English foresters' tradition about the oak was probably not far out. They held that the oak grew for three hundred years, stood still for three hundred (which is absurd, for nothing in Nature remains unchanged), and in three

more hundred years disappeared. Dryden put it into verse :

"The monarch oak, the patriarch of trees,
Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow degrees;
Three centuries he grows, and three he stays
Supreme in state; and in three more decays."
"Palamon and Arcite."

Why, by the bye, should *Quercus pedunculata* be given the monopoly of the title "British" oak? Its congener "*sessiliflora*", not mentioned in this book among the oaks, has an equal right to the name, both being indigenous; and, indeed, the latter is historically the more interesting of the two, for it is now known that it furnished the timber for our early builders. The roof of Westminster Hall, which was for long supposed to have been made of Spanish chestnut wood, is a case in point.

As we have seen, the work claims to be "absolutely reliable and up to date". As to the first of these two claims, it is really impossible to point out the hopeless blunders with which the book teems. One or two instances, which might be multiplied indefinitely, must suffice. *Dimorphanthus mandschuricus* is given as a synonym for *Aralia chinensis*; the two plants are absolutely distinct. As to *Viburnum Opulus*, we are told that its origin is uncertain; a glance at Hooker's "*Student's Flora of the British Isles*", at Bentham's "*British Flora*", or at the "*Index Kewensis*" would have told these gentlemen that the plant is native of Britain, and that it is distributed widely in Europe, Asia, and North America! One does not expect Messrs. Cooper and Westell to be Japanese scholars, but they might have left the Japanese language and religion alone, and not told us, for instance, that *Cupressus (Retinospora) obtusa* is called in Japanese "*Fushi no ki*", meaning the "tree of the sun and dedicated to the Sun God", all of which is rank nonsense. The Japanese name is "*Hi no ki*", the Chinese character used for "*Hi*" being that used for the Chinese juniper. The timber of *Retinospora obtusa* is used in Shinto temples and for the Mikado's palace at Kiyoto. It is a tree often planted near temples; but it is not dedicated to the Sun God, a creation evolved apparently by the imagination of the authors out of the Goddess Tensho Dai Jin. Nor are their European etymologies more happy. "*Juniper*", we are solemnly informed, is a corruption of the French "*genévrier*"! Littre, if they ever heard of him, would have taught them to put the boot on the other foot. The word "*elm*" is, according to them, derived from the Anglo-Saxon. As elms do not grow in Jutland, the Anglo-Saxons, coming to England, found a tree which was new to them, and so they adopted a corruption of the Latin name which was due to the Romans who introduced the plant from Southern Europe. An etymological mistake of this sort is serious and misleading. As the so-called British elm has never ripened its fruit in this country, it cannot be indigenous. Many reports of the seed having been obtained and seedlings raised have been received. Whenever they have been submitted to a competent authority, as was recently the case in specimens shown to Messrs. Elwes and Henry, they have proved to be varieties and not the true *Ulmus campestris*. (The wych- or witch-elm is, of course, indigenous.) Here is a case in which etymology supports botanical science, and to ignore it is, as Talleyrand said of the Duc d'Enghien's murder, "*pis qu'une faute, une erreur*".

In the dates which the authors assign to the introduction of plants we find more mistakes. Why did they not consult the "*Index Kewensis*" or even Paxton's now somewhat antiquated Dictionary? Just that much trouble would have saved them from a host of errors.

And now as to the claim that the book is up to date. It is a mere farrago of more or less accurate descriptions of old and quite common plants, selected without reason or judgment. Hardly a modern or even comparatively rare plant is alluded to. The discoveries which have been made by such men as Dr. Henry and Mr. Wilson are not even mentioned. Yet their new plants have for some time past been the admiration of all those who visit

the shows of the Royal Horticultural Society. But without hoping that they should have kept themselves informed to such an extent as the humblest member of that body, we might at any rate have expected they would have helped their readers in the appreciation of many of those plants which have been before the public for a quarter of a century or more. For instance, amongst the vines they might not know the lovely little *Vitis Henryi*, *Vitis Thomsoni*, or the curious thorn-bearing vine, *Vitis armata*; but in a paragraph, meagre and uninformative, devoted to autumn colouring they might have given a word or two to the glorious flaming *Vitis Coccinea* and *Vitis Thunbergii*. But of vines they give us only three species, among which is the grape vine, which, they solemnly assure us, has been in cultivation for 5000-6000 years. Why not have brought in Noah?

The illustrations are not much better than the text. In the coloured prints the leaves of all genera and species (words, by the bye, as to the meaning of which the authors appear to have a hazy conception: see the description of *Helianthemum formosum*, vol. i. page 21) are uniformly of that pretty blue-green dear to those young ladies who paint in water-colours (and, as we know, "of such is the kingdom of Heaven"), while the black-and-white illustrations are quite misleading. Who, for example, would recognise in the coarse, heavily shaded drawing of the lime leaf the delicate softness of one of the tenderest of leaves?

But we have said enough. We close the book with a sigh of relief, and turn for a little refreshment to the pages of good old Loudon, published more than half a century ago, but much more "up to date" than this pretentious and ignorant jumble.

NOVELS.

"The First Round." By St. John Lucas. London: Methuen. 1909. 6s.

A novel like this revives one's dwindling faith in the possibilities of the story-teller's art. The reviewer lays it down with a feeling of grateful refreshment, mitigated of course by a groan of "*O si sic omnes*", for which we must not blame Mr. Lucas, although he is clearly the cause of it. "*The First Round*" is the story, told with much gentle humour, of the development from about the age of twelve until his majority of a sensitive boy with a genius for music. The first stirrings of his spirit towards art and the joy of life were encouraged by an acquaintance with some charming cosmopolitan French people who had taken a house in the village; on the other hand, Denis suffered much well-meant wing-clipping at home at the hands of a sententious, self-centred father, whom the cosmopolitans had dubbed from afar the "apostle of Respectability". This worthy purblind puritan person sent Denis to a public school, and afterwards placed him in the office of an unusually unpleasant country attorney. The clash of two natures by temperament unable to understand one another, yet bound together by ties of blood, is no new tale, as many people know too well, but it is here presented with uncommon breadth and impartial sympathy with divergent points of view. The estrangement grew more complete as with increase of years and further assurance of his artistic vocation Denis became more egotistical; and when the unpleasant solicitor providentially absconded the youth came to London "on his own" and did hack-work for a music publisher, enjoying himself mightily for a while in bohemian Chelsea. How the publisher failed him, and how he fell into want and a sickness from which he was nursed back to life by the wholly delightful artist's model Topsy—these and many other happenings external and psychological unfold themselves in due sequence until the time is ripe for the reconciliation between father and son. By what means this is brought about we will not say, but it seems to us one of the most natural touches in the book because so unexpected; and its effect is enhanced in that the reconciliation is made to involve the deliberate sacrifice of musical fame by Denis—for the time being, at any rate. Thus the book ends with a timely reminder that not even the possession of the artistic temperament absolves its owner from the

humbler obligations of human kind; and we remember enviously that at twenty-one there is still time for a second round.

"Trial by Marriage." By Wilfrid Scarborough Jackson. London: Lane. 1909. 6s.

We imagine that it would be difficult in these days to disappear in such a way as to lead the rest of the world wrongly to presume one's death by accident or suicide, as on separate occasions two of the characters in this novel are made to do. When the little musical-comedy baggage whom James Mussenden had married in his student days, and whose dead body he thought he had identified after a railway collision, turned up again in the mature person of Cora Campechy the American chanteuse and began blackmailing him, James contrived an exit for himself that induced the highly respectable Amy, with whom he did not quite hit it off, but who was the mother of his children, to suppose herself his widow—and, indeed, she was on the point of marrying an old admirer when (the theatrical lady having really died meanwhile) James reappeared on the scene. Stated like this the story sounds rather farcical—"I thought you were dead!" is a safe line for a laugh in the theatre—but in reality "Trial by Marriage" is on a higher plane. The irony of some of the situations, which when all is said are led up to with much skill, is vastly entertaining; as, for example, when Amy, who has belauded the defunct James to his children as every dutiful respectable widow should, hears of his resurrection, and wonders how she will ever justify now what she has said so often of the departed that she nearly believed it herself. And altogether, though readers brought up like James Mussenden himself, with an everlasting "Why?" upon their lips, may here and there pencil marginal queries against the story, its neat dialogue and frequent humour should make them forget to follow them up.

"Ordinary People." By Una L. Silberrad. London: Constable. 1909. 6s.

That peroxided hair and a rouged face, further disguised by a purposely acquired scar, would enable the wife even of the least observant husband to masquerade as his typist—sole sharer of his office tea and so forth—for several months without discovery, asks for some robustness in the believing of it. Neither do Miss Silberrad's ingenious attempts to deal with such little matters as voice and handwriting much help our lack of faith. This episode does not occur until towards the end of the book, and its unreality is perhaps the more surprising because up to that point the story is eminently a credible as well as a clever one. It would be well worth reading only for the subtle portrait included in it of a scheming suburban damsel of uncertain age who is less than half-conscious that she is a humbug. But the tone of the story as a whole is sane and wise, and the writer makes an admirable use of her material—for the most part the apparently small and unromantic details of plain lives divided between a respectable outlying suburb and the City—"ordinary people" as the title, using a well-understood phrase, calls them. But—the query is suggested by the reading of this novel—are there any ordinary people, if one really knew them?

"On the Forgotten Road." By Henry Baerlein. London: Murray. 1909. 6s.

Mr. Baerlein's history of the children's crusade in 1212 is a rather clever pastiche, a little heartless and chilly, and sometimes hinting at what in a genuine mediæval narrative would be profanely and coarsely stated. The story might have been treated in a romantic, sentimental, and religious way, but the author prefers a more ingenious and discursive method, and while keeping a modern point of view, probably derived from that of Anatole France, he endeavours to imitate the mediæval manner of speech and attitude of mind. Unfortunately he cannot be brilliantly, exquisitely malicious like Anatole France, his irreverence is timorous and half-hearted, and not amusing, so that as a satire his story lacks point. Nor has it the genuine robustness and full-

bloodedness, the naïveté of mediæval history: modern expressions and modes of thought creep in and spoil the effect. Of the children themselves we hear nothing; the whole story is taken up with the conversations and adventures of the more or less worthless grown-up folk who accompany them. In fact, the only admirable people in the book are the Saracens to whom the Crusaders were sold as slaves, and this superiority of the Paynim to the Christian is, we imagine, the point Mr. Baerlein wishes to make.

"The Man who Stole the Earth." By W. Holt-White. London: Unwin. 1909. 6s.

The hero of this wearisome extravaganza has a scientific friend who has invented an aluminium airship which can go anywhere and do anything, a superior system of wireless communication with allies ashore, and an explosive shell the size of a golf ball which never fails to hit and demolish any battleship or building or hostile dirigible upon which it may be dropped. The party starts by devastating the capital of Balkania, the impossible King of which State had refused to give his daughter to the hero; and their subsequent exploits include an affair with the French off Monaco, another with the German fleet off Kiel, following an interview with the Kaiser on board the "Hohenzollern", the kidnapping of the Czarevitch from S. Petersburg in order to bring Russia to her senses, and the final defeat of a squadron of German aeroplanes. The hero's name is John Strong, and one is evidently invited to admire his characteristics. Amongst them are a fondness for half-raw beef for breakfast and a tendency to terms of endearment like "sonny" and "stupid old chump"; but perhaps the most typical thing he does is to scratch a record of his visit with a penknife on the top of the Arc de Triomphe.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"The Great French Revolution, 1789-93." By P. A. Kropotkin. London: Heinemann. 1909. 6s. net.

"The Tribunal of the Terror." By G. Lenôtre. London: Heinemann. 1909. 10s. net.

"Mr." (as he prefers to abandon his title) Kropotkin's book appeared in French three years ago, and is now well translated into English. It is mainly an attempt to represent the French Revolution in terms of sentimental anarchism and to emphasise the rôle of the people throughout the struggle as apart from their leaders. Without meaning it, the author rather brings out than refutes the strongest points made by Taine, that the great figures which have always been held up to us as something abnormal and gigantic were in reality very small people indeed; events were made for them rather than by them. Mr. Kropotkin appears to regard Robespierre as a reactionary, and as the principal agent in checking the development of the Revolution in a Communistic sense. He admits that the wholesale executions indulged in by the Committee of Public Safety were a great mistake, but chiefly, we understand, because during the latter part of its career its victims were to be found among members of the lower classes. We are bound to say, however, that he condemns with even greater severity the monstrous policy of extermination pursued in La Vendée. It appears to be his theory that the people never go wrong "proprio motu". When they revolt against authority—i.e. kings or aristocracies—they always have reason on their side; but when, as in La Vendée, they turn against the Revolutionaries, they have been deceived by priests and aristocrats. The writer has done useful work in putting the revolts in the provinces in their due relation to events in Paris, a factor too often ignored by historians of the epoch. But in opposition to his general theory we may cite the remark of the revolutionist Chamfort, wrung from him by bitter experience, "Le peuple, le peuple, combien de sots faut-il pour faire un peuple".

M. Lenôtre's book, which is well written and documented, gives the true picture of Fouquier-Tinville and his infamous associates. It shows what the Revolution really became in its later days, and why France was determined to be rid of it at any cost. This work is illustrated by good plans, views, and portraits.

"The National Gallery." One Hundred Plates in Colour. Vol. II. London: Jack. 10s. 6d. net.

The second and concluding volume of "The National Gallery", dealing with the Dutch, late Flemish, Spanish,

French and English schools, attains in the text the same high level as its predecessor. The historical sketch shows also wide knowledge of the public and private collections on the Continent. The history of the acquisition of the Frans Hals from Malahide Castle is given, and Holbein's "Duchess of Milan" figures as an extra plate by way of frontispiece to the volume. The purchase was however not, as stated, made by the National Gallery, which was entirely without funds, but by the National Art Collections Fund. On almost every page the mention of some great masterpiece sold to America reminds us how nearly the Holbein came to sharing the same fate. The coloured illustrations are distinctly uneven, and are the weakest part of the book. An interesting and in some respects ingenious list of attributions differing from those in the official catalogue completes the volume.

"Primitive Christianity: Its Writings and Teachings in their Historical Connections." By Otto Pfeiderer, Professor of Practical Theology in the University of Berlin. Translated by W. Montgomery and Edited by the Rev. W. D. Morrison. London: Williams and Norgate. 1906-1909. 10s. 6d. net.

We received some time ago the first volume of this translation of Professor Pfeiderer's book, and now we receive the second. We must confess our surprise that it is thought worth while to produce translations of works such as those of Pfeiderer, which represent an old-fashioned type of criticism. He is typical of those writers of whom the late Professor Wrede said that, however diversified were their results, their methods were alike; they consisted always in cutting out and explaining away. Whatever happened to agree with their conceptions of historical probability and of the development of Christianity, they accepted; all the rest they rejected. Pfeiderer has been superseded by Harnack. Harnack has been severely criticised by Wrede. Schweitzer has started from Wrede's standpoint and come to very different results. Might not we have a translation of "Von Reimarus zu Wrede", a book of great importance which represents something much more living than the antiquated methods of Pfeiderer?

"Master Musicians." By J. Cathbert Hadden. Edinburgh: Foulis. 1909. 3s. 6d. net.

This book, described as one for "players, singers, and listeners", contains sketches of Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. If there seems no particular reason why it should have been compiled, we know of no particular reason why it should not. We say "compiled" because the author does not pretend to take a new point of view when he simply writes from one which is now established and fairly general. This is much better than the pose of such writers as Mr. Streatfeild, who give us as highly original matter, personal to themselves, views they have taken from other people. Mr. Hadden always writes fluently and sometimes gracefully; he is also a genuine enthusiast for the fine things of music. He is often interesting and never dull; and this is the worst and the best we can say of "Master Musicians".

"The Rhythm of Modern Music." By C. F. Abby Williams. London: Macmillan. 1909. 5s. net.

This is another quasi-scientific book dealing with music. The rhythms of modern music are at once too simple and too profound to be dealt with in any such spirit. In its simpler aspect modern music needs no explanations of the kind; on its profounder side the explanations are totally inadequate. Still, Mr. Williams says some illuminating things, and for their sake we are not sorry to have read his volume. That it will be useful to students is more than we care to say, and, of course, it is far beyond the grasp of most amateurs.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 1 Janvier.

In this number M. Augustin Filon adds another portrait to those he has already given us of living British celebrities. On this occasion he has appropriately enough chosen Mr. Lloyd George. His study of what is after all a remarkable personality is by far the best we have yet seen. He traces back the Chancellor's Budget proposals to their original source in his early surroundings. His raid upon the landowners is not merely the device of a politician in search of a popular cry, or of a finance minister at his wits' end for revenue, but embodies the whole-hearted hatred of the peasant for the overlord. The attack is therefore all the more dangerous. M. Filon does not write as an admirer, but points out the strong points in Mr. Lloyd George's oratory, which give him his mastery over crowds and make him a consummate demagogue. There is a good article on Bussy-Rabutin.

LAW BOOKS.

"The Legislation of the Empire." London: Butterworth. 1909. 4 vols. 50s.

These four volumes owe their existence to the activities of the Society for Comparative Legislation. Lord Rosebery, the President of the Society, writes a preface to them; Sir John Macdonell, the Vice-Chairman, an introduction; and Mr. C. E. A. Bedwell, Librarian to the Middle Temple, edits them. Lord Rosebery pays the work the compliment of saying that "no library nor Government office in the Empire can afford to be without it". With this we quite agree, and add that the volumes are so handsome externally, so beautifully printed, and so adorned with photographs of Lord Rosebery, Sir Courtenay Ilbert, the Chairman of the Society, and Sir John Macdonell, that they will be as ornamental as useful in such library or Government office. Another interesting feature of Lord Rosebery's preface is his view that the publication of this work may be the stepping-stone to a more definite assumption of responsibility by the State of the work that is being done by the Society. We should rather have expected Lord Rosebery to emphasise the excellences of a private enterprise which can enlist the voluntary and entirely gratuitous services of accomplished experts, whose only reward is that they are doing highly useful public work. Yet it is true that the collection of the legislation of the multifarious communities of the British Empire, which include all varieties of legislative assemblies from the British Parliament to Councils of Crown Colonies which legislate for Ashanti or Gambia, does seem a natural function of the State. Dr. Macdonell shows in his very philosophical introduction how the legislation of the Empire is the most obvious means by which can be traced the ideals and aims of the various communities of the Empire. In a very real sense this legislation is a literature which expresses the spirit and aims of a people, and in which it becomes self-conscious and reveals itself. To understand nations we must understand their literature, and there seems clearly a duty on the State to collect and make known this legislative literature for the common benefit. What a huge task this is may be seen from these four volumes (one of them being an index), in which are contained only the legislation of ten years. Nor do they contain the enactments themselves, but only summaries of the essential provisions. According to Dr. Macdonell there must have been 25,000 statutes and ordinances in these ten years, and they would make more than four times the bulk of the Encyclopedia Britannica. This, however, is not the sort of information we had in mind when we described Dr. Macdonell's introduction as philosophical. What is meant is his comparison and contrast of the legislation according to similar or dissimilar aims; the way in which one Legislature is affected by another and imitates it; the experiments that are made and succeed and are extended or fail and become only a record of premature or misdirected aspirations. We notice that nothing is said about the continuation of this publication. It may be that the Society does not feel certain about this without the help of which Lord Rosebery speaks. Even if that is so, what is done is complete in itself and is of permanent value.

"Foreign Judgments and Jurisdictions." Part II. "Judgments in Rem and Status." By Sir Francis Piggott. 3rd Edition. London: Butterworth. 1909. 35s. net.

It is very rarely that a writer on law departs so much from the orthodox method of writing law books as Sir Francis Piggott does throughout the book of which this is the second part. This may partially be accounted for by the fact of this treatise being, under an unusual title, really a treatise on so-called Private International Law: a subject which more naturally presents occasion for juristic disquisition than for the dogmatic exposition which is almost compulsory in ordinary municipal law. Another and stronger reason may be found in Sir Francis Piggott being Chief Justice of Hong Kong, where he has been brought into closer connexion than English lawyers usually are with foreign lawyers, who have different theories of international law from ours. It is especially in the matter of status, comprising the principles of recognition of marriage and divorce, that Sir Francis criticises our rule of domicile in comparison with the rule of nationality of European courts and lawyers. He contends that our own rule is indefensible, and, amongst other objections, it results in an abandonment of British subjects "unworthy of this imperial age." Sir Francis analyses it learnedly, copiously, and interestingly, to show that it also results in "a confused mass of doctrine, inconsistent, formless and void." All this, however, is an appeal to the legislator and theorists who desire reform. Sir Francis increases his reputation as a jurist at some cost to the practical character of his book, and we rather fear it would irritate the lawyer using it for reference. As a dialectician and controversialist Sir Francis compels admiration and perhaps

assent; but the controversial has overshadowed the practical side in his treatment of his subject.

"The Law of Rent Charges." By J. M. Easton. London: Stephen and Haynes. 1909. 7s. 6d.

Manchester and a district about it is not only the principal seat of the cotton industry, but of a special form of land ownership and transfer. In London and most other parts of England when property is not conveyed in freehold outright for a sum, the plan of leasing it for a term, sometimes for ninety-nine, sometimes nine hundred and ninety-nine, years is adopted. But in the district of Manchester, for some reason which we should have liked to learn from Mr. Easton, the general plan is for the seller to convey the land to the purchaser in freehold, with an annual sum reserved to the seller and his heirs, and this sum is known as a rent-charge or chief rent. This system, as Mr. Easton says, has given rise to a very special, and often intricate, branch of conveyancing. It is also so local that it is not adequately treated in the ordinary text-books. Mr. Easton has essayed in this small book to give it adequate treatment; and we can say of his effort that he displays the skill of a master. He has discovered the gap of inadequate treatment elsewhere because he is thoroughly acquainted from experience with the practical difficulties. Where theory, principle or case is lacking, he is able to advise, warn, or suggest; and so excellent is the result that from the point of view of legal literature we could wish that Mr. Easton's subject had been less limited. There are so many law books in which quality is in inverse ratio to bulk.

"The Law of the Road." By J. Wells Thatcher and D. H. J. Hartley. London: Stevens. 1909. 7s. 6d.

The authors or compilers have made a collection of the head-notes from the old and new law reports relating to the user of roads, by passengers on foot or otherwise, and the general user by the public of the highways. The subject has had some development of recent years through the introduction of automobiles, and there have been many cases. No doubt it is convenient to have a sort of index to the subject such as this book is; especially for lawyers who have not a long series of the Digest at hand, or who dislike, very excusably, following a long story from volume to volume. But its serviceableness is strictly limited to this rather humble function.

"Forms of Originating Summons." By George Nichols Marcy and Oswald R. A. Simpkin. 2nd Edition. London: Cox. 1909. 6s.

"Marcy and Dodd on Originating Summons" was brought up to date so long ago as 1895 by Mr. Marcy. Now again, with Mr. Simpkin's aid, the same book is reissued in a second edition. The history of a law book is important. Many founder; those that survive may be reckoned the fittest, and this present book survives on its merits. All the practical and useful forms are to be found in it, with the law and procedure applicable to its subject.

"A Brief History of the Middle Temple." By C. E. A. Bedwell. London: Butterworth. 1909.

Mr. Bedwell has not only succeeded to the office of librarian of the Middle Temple after Mr. John Hutchinson, but he has inherited his predecessor's enthusiasm and jealousy for the distinction of their Inn. So Mr. Bedwell maintains, as Mr. Hutchinson did before him, the thesis of the equality of origin and of status of two Inns which, like *amœbæ* separated far away in the past, have no claim to priority one over the other. There is still much to be cleared up in the history of the Middle Temple; but Mr. Bedwell knows intimately what is assured and what doubtful, and how to make both interesting and instructive. The usual gossip and book-making material he leaves out, as he naturally would, much of the present book having been written for the learned pages of the "Quarterly Review". It is a good exchange to have such chapters as that which tells of the five Middle Templars who signed the Declaration of Independence in the eighteenth century, and the Japanese professors at Tokio who were members of that Inn in the nineteenth and twentieth. The international position of the Middle Temple is one of its most remarkable characteristics. Mr. Bedwell has dwelt on the important historical facts and the present conditions of the Middle Temple. Visitors and those who have recently become members of the Inn, or are about to be, ought to read this book.

"Trial of Captain Porteous." Edited by William Roughead. Glasgow: Hodge. 1909. 5s. net.

To English readers the story of the Porteous Riots in Edinburgh, and the hanging by the mob of Captain Porteous, is best known by reading "The Heart of Midlothian". It may be compared with the similar story in the same century of the doings in London of the Lord George Gordon mobs; and, as "The Heart of Midlothian" is one of the finest of Sir Walter Scott's romances, so "Barnaby

Rudge" is one of the greatest of Dickens'. In this volume Mr. Roughead has edited the plentiful material connected with the events known as the Porteous Riots for the Notable Scottish Trials series published by Messrs. Hodge. He has done this with an enthusiasm for his subject which he may well anticipate will be reciprocated by all Scotsmen who love the annals of their old city of Edinburgh, and which will quite as certainly stimulate the interest of other readers. The volume is excellently illustrated with reproductions of old engravings of Edinburgh scenes and personages, and Mr. Roughead has omitted nothing that learning and industry could do to make this a complete and authoritative record of a fascinating chapter in the social, political, and legal annals of Edinburgh and Scotland. This trial is one of the best of a very attractive, unique, and ably-edited series.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

"The Teaching of Geography." By Lionel W. Lyde. London: Blackie. 1909.

"Descriptive Geography: The British Isles." Selected by Lettice Jowitt. London: Black. 1909. 2s. 6d.

"A Geography of the British Isles." By A. Morley Davies. London: Macmillan. 1909. 3s.

"Practical Exercises in Geography." By E. C. Wallis. London: Macmillan. 1909. 2s. 6d.

Different teachers, different methods. These four books on geography vary considerably in aim, but three of them at least are the outcome of practical experience. Mr. Lyde's "Teaching of Geography" is made up of certain lectures delivered to teachers in the University of S. Andrews, and is full of suggestion as to the best way of imparting living geographical knowledge in schools. The little book is mainly the result of his own efforts to overcome the difficulties with which he was confronted when he first began to teach. "The British Isles" belongs to the series of Descriptive Geographies from Original Sources, and is a collection of passages from the best authorities. The extracts have been chosen so well that the book hangs together admirably, and does not leave an impression of snippets. Mr. Davies aims at presenting "material from which conclusions of geographical significance can be derived", and at a progressive method by which the earlier lessons should reveal general principles applicable to the later. It is a useful and simple guide. Mr. Wallis gives us in detail the results of experiments in teaching geography made during the last two years. His volume is one of concrete example just as Mr. Lyde's is one of principles.

"Iambica." By J. Jackson. London: Macmillan. 1909. 7s. 6d.

"Iambica" is a vocabulary, English-Greek and Greek-English, prepared by Mr. J. Jackson, a former Assistant Classical Master at St. Paul's School. As its title denotes it is intended for the use of writers of iambic verse. It seems to us that Mr. Jackson has a good answer to those objectors who urge that the young writer of iambics should be left to form his vocabulary for his own reading. There is first the scantiness of such a vocabulary and the necessity of reference to some vocabulary in the dictionaries or elsewhere. Next there is the evident danger of youths mixing up the dialectic uses in either case. Mr. Jackson helps them by a definite vocabulary, applicable only to iambic verse, his authorities being the extant tragic dialogue. As to his success, Mr. Jackson remarks with clever humour that while it would be too much to expect that his vocabulary should contain nothing which could offend the individual taste of *Æschylus* or *Euripides*, he hopes there is little in it which could induce them to sink their differences in a joint attack upon the compiler. The teacher of Greek could hardly expect better than this, and we believe Mr. Jackson's claim is sufficiently made good.

"Problem Papers in Mathematics." By R. C. Fawdry. London: Macmillan. 1909. 4s. 6d.

"A New Algebra." Parts I.—IV. By S. Barnard and J. M. Child. London: Macmillan. 1909. 4s.

Mr. Fawdry's papers follow the lines laid down in Civil Service examinations. The examples he gives, extending from the simple to the most difficult questions put for entrance into Woolwich, should be of great assistance to those who have been worried by recent changes in the teaching of mathematics. To a considerable extent the problems have been drawn from papers set on the military side at Clifton, but their interest is none the less general on that account. Messrs. Barnard and Child's "New Algebra" is an attempt at school algebra logically developed in conformity with modern ideas. The task must have been severe, and the work, of which four parts are now issued in one volume, we can well believe was only completed after much anxious arrangement, rearrangement,

(Continued on page 86.)

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"Siepmann's Primary French Course." Part III. By Otto Siepmann. London: Macmillan. 1909. 2s. 6d. net.

This primary French course by the Head of the Modern Language Department of Clifton College is well known to teachers of French who have used the other parts largely during the preceding nine years. The present part completes the course, and it comprises a reader, questions for oral practice, exercises in grammar and composition, with test papers and lists of words and phrases. It is intended to cover two years' work, and it will furnish the student with a solid introduction to French literature, based on a thorough drill in grammatical construction as necessary for the understanding of French as for Greek and Latin, and for the mental discipline which should be the aim of all language study as a means of education.

"First Principles of French Pronunciation." By Emile Saillens and E. R. Holme. London: Blackie. 1909. 2s. 6d. net.

Professor Anderson Stuart, Dean of the Faculty of Medicine in Sydney University, has written an Introduction on the Organs of Speech for this work. This is a sufficient intimation that Messrs. Saillens and Holme have had the design of treating French pronunciation in a more scientific fashion than that of the usual method of teaching French pronunciation. It is a study in the application of general phonetic principles to the French language, and follows generally the method of the Association Phonétique Internationale. Fastidious speakers of French, and teachers who already have discarded the traditional orthography, will find in it much to help them in the process of acquiring the power of discriminating French sounds and of practising the organs which are employed in producing them.

"English Literature." By W. J. Long. London: Ginn. 1909. 5s. net.

Mr. Long's account of English literature, "its history and significance for the English-speaking world," is probably well known by this time. He has converted it into a text-book for schools by making certain additions and changes, and it affords a useful guide to the leading features both of the books and the times in which they were written. His summaries, bibliographies, and questions should be of considerable service to teachers. Only one reference, on page 364, puzzles us. We do not quite know what Morley's "Walpole" in the Twelve English Statesmen series has to do with Horace Walpole.

"Addresses to Teachers." By Dorothea Beale. London: Longmans. 1909. 1s. 6d. net.

All true teachers who take up this little book will, we feel sure, read it from end to end, and lay it down with the feeling that they have been led by a strong loving brave hand to the mountain top, and have returned refreshed and reinvigorated by the purer air of the heights. Mrs. Raikes has done much for teachers in publishing these addresses. Methods must change, modern teaching will doubtless become more and more scientific, but the ideal of the Christian teacher, as set forth by Dorothea Beale, can never be lowered. She wrote of herself, to be read after her death, "My body lies cold, insensible, but it cannot be that I have ceased to be"; and she still lives in these words, which must inspire and encourage all earnest teachers who read them.

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